WORLD SOCCER

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LIVERPOOL

Special Features on

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Increased coverage from the USA

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World SOCCER

Soccer and the USA...

Paul Gardner

. . . . has lived in New York for 17 years. Educated at Chatham House School, and the University of Nottingham, where he studied Pharmacy, he was Assistant Editor of *Pharmacy Digest* between 1953 and 1959. While living in the USA he has worked on a medical magazine and since 1968 as a freelance writer and photographer for the *New York Times*, *Sporting News*, *World Sports*, *The Times* and *The Observer*. He is co-author with Phil Woosnam of the Sports Illustrated instructional book *Soccer* (1972) and is the writer of the award winning film *Pele: The Master and his Method*. With Laurence Seloman he produced *Pele's New World*, a 28-minute colour film, 16mm, commissioned by the New York Cosmos. He is also the author of *Nice Guys Finish Last* (Allen Lane, £3.50) and *The World of Soccer*, to be published in America this summer.

The story of soccer's attempts to establish itself as a major spectator sport in the United States of America is a fascinating one. In 1965 the United States Soccer Football Association received three applications from separate groups hoping to establish a professional league in America. It was the start of a power struggle that caused all sorts of internal problems for the game and considerably hampered its progress. Now, hopefully, the signs are much better. Soccer, though not yet in a position to challenge the supremacy of traditional American sports such as football and baseball, has strong roots and is enjoying good health. In his absorbing book *Nice Guys Finish Last*, a study of sport and the part it plays in American life, Paul Gardner included a chapter on the attempts to introduce pro soccer to the States. To commemorate WORLD SOCCER's increased coverage of soccer in the USA we are publishing that same chapter in two parts, starting below. It is entitled . . .

A FOREIGN AFFAIR

HAVING THOUGHT up two sports — baseball and American football — that the rest of the world finds unacceptable, the Americans, logically enough, have shown little interest in the one sport that everyone else enjoys: association football. There is, first of all, the matter of the name to be settled. Americans believe that they do play football. Europeans, like Nabokov's Professor Pnin, will never understand or accept this:

. . . Pnin entered a sport shop in Waindell's main street and asked for a football. The request was unseasonable but he was offered one.

"No, no," said Pnin, "I do not wish an egg, for example, a torpedo. I want a simple football. Round!

And with wrists and palms he outlined a portable world. It was the same gesture he used in class when speaking of the "harmonical wholeness" of Pushkin.

The salesman lifted a finger and silently fetched a soccer ball. "Yes, this I will buy," said Pnin with dignified satisfaction.

But Americans, it seems, will not buy soccer. Later in Nabokov's book, when it becomes clear that Pnin's American-born son is not interested in becoming a "footballist", the unwanted soccer ball is thrown out of a window and drifts away in a brook, a symbol of American disregard for the sport.

It has always been an anomaly, this. After all, the sport has enslaved people as different as the English, the Russians, the Brazilians and the Turks. Why on earth should Americans be resistant to its charms? It is all the more puzzling when one considers the enormous growth in sports interest that occurred in the U.S.A. during the sixties. By the middle of that decade, baseball, basketball, football and ice hockey were all falling over themselves adding extra teams to their leagues, with an occasional pause to count up the profits. They were often staggering. Professional sports franchises offered one of the few remaining opportunities for spectacular capital gains. Even at $13 million, a baseball franchise was still considered a worthwhile buy. But the really mouth-watering stories concerned those owners who, for a few hundred dollars, had purchased franchises in the early days of the leagues and had watched them become worth millions. Now, if only there were a new league starting up . . . And thus, suddenly, in 1965, the cries of Eureka! sounded all over the U.S.A. The investors had discovered soccer.

Here was the Golden Opportunity — a sport that was hardly organized at all in the United States; whoever was first to set up a league would have a huge untapped market at his mercy and could arrange things to his own convenience. And here was a sport with the biggest potential audience of all, with enormous international possibilities that none of the other American sports possessed.

The blinding vision of soccer as the answer to an entrepreneur's dream appeared almost simultaneously to several people. In no time at all three separate groups had been formed, all hoping to be the first to get a fully-professional coast-to-coast soccer league going. There was, however, a formality to be completed before the money could start flowing in. If they had not known it when they started, all three groups soon found out that there was, after all, some organization to this soccer business. They would have to get the approval of the United States Soccer Football Association (U.S.S.F.A.) if they intended to operate. Without that, they would be considered outlaws by all the rest of organized soccer throughout the world, and thus unable to partake of all that

● Continued overleaf

LIVERPOOL

Back row left to right: Chris Lawler (now Portsmouth), Steve Heighway, Kevin Keegan, Alec Lindsay, Ray Kennedy, Ray Clemence, Phil Thompson, John Toshack, Terry McDermott, Joe Jones. Front row: Jimmy Case, Phil Boersma (now Middlesbrough), Ian Callaghan, Tommy Smith, Emlyn Hughes, Bob Paisley (Manager), Brian Hall, Peter Cormack, Phil Neal.

● Continued from previous page

alluring foreign competition. That would defeat one of the main attractions of soccer.

In the fall of 1965, there arrived in the New York offices of U.S.S.F.A., three letters — one from each group — requesting sanction to form a professional league. A most intriguing and, for the sport of soccer, very nearly disastrous confrontation was in the making.

On the one side was U.S.S.F.A., formed in 1913, controlling body of soccer in the United States. That is, in theory. In practice, the powers of U.S.S.F.A. were more illusory than real. In a country where the sport was not taken very seriously, U.S.S.F.A. had little to offer that would make membership worthwhile. It had struggled along for years on very little money, run mostly by part-timers, men dedicated to soccer who devoted their spare time to running it. If they had anything in common, besides their love of soccer, it was that they were mostly foreign-born. Their continued devotion to the sport of the old country was a measure of the extent to which they had resisted becoming Americans, had refused to go along with the American values.

Foreign sport

In 1965 there were plenty of amateur and semi-pro teams operating, mostly around the Eastern seaboard area. They tended to have names like Philadelphia Ukrainians, New York Hungarians, Blau-Weiss Gottschee, Newark Portuguese, and they played in leagues like the German-American League, or the Lega Italo-Americana di Calcio. If Americans thought of soccer as a foreign sport, there was a good reason for it. By and large, even within the U.S.A., it was a foreign sport. If you turned up to watch a German-American league game, for instance, you were likely to be regaled with announcements in German over the public-address system. Over in Harrison, N.J., they made them in Ukrainian. U.S.S.F.A. was run by the representatives of these ethnic groups. They were not, to put it charitably, men who were used to dealing with large sums of money, or with much experience in the world of big business. They had but one full-time employee, their Belfast-born secretary Joe Barriskill, who had worked for many years without pay, and was now seventy-six years old. They also had an office of sorts, a dingy, dusty, Dickensian shambles in midtown Manhattan to which they were ashamed to take anyone.

It was decidedly embarrassing, because they were about to suffer from a surplus of people who wanted to visit them. People who were used to plush carpets, and secretaries and intercoms and everything else that spells Big Business. The list of new soccer promoters read like a *Who's Who* of top sports promoters. There were those indefatigable sportsmen Judge Roy Hofheinz, Lamar Hunt, and Jack Kent Cooke, breathtakingly wealthy all three. There were top corporations, like Madison Square Garden in New York, and the R.K.O.-General Corporation; there were men who owned or were part owners of franchises in other sports. In football, there were the Detroit Lions, the Los Angeles Rams, the Pittsburgh Steelers, the St Louis

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Cardinals, and in baseball, the Cleveland Indians, the Atlanta Braves, the Baltimore Orioles,[1] plus the Boston Bruins from ice hockey. Just how much any of them knew about soccer remained to be determined, but they were all resolved to make of it an American major league sport.

U.S.S.F.A. found itself landed with a kingsize problem. Having spent over fifty years trying to spread the popularity of the sport and having got nowhere, they view the enthusiasm of the new devotees with some scepticism. At the most, there might be a chance for one league — but here were three groups all wanting to form separate leagues. What to do? U.S.S.F.A. did the safe thing, they appointed a committee to study the proposals. It consisted of three people, a Scotsman, a German, and a Rumanian. One part of their task was to look into the backgrounds of all the applicants and recommend who should be accepted. The other part was to tell the applicants the terms under which U.S.S.F.A. would accept them. It amounted to this: each accepted franchise would have to pay U.S.S.F.A. $25,000 plus a percentage of its gate and television receipts. This was not bad for an organization that had, up to that moment, an annual income of around $40,000. But U.S.S.F.A., which had been so impoverished for so many years while it kept the sport of soccer alive, was not going to miss this opportunity to augment its finances.

The millionaires professed shock at the terms. Their lawyers turned up the information that there was already an ostensibly professional soccer league operating in the eastern United States. It was called the American Soccer League, and it was paying U.S.S.F.A. precisely $25 a year to operate. The A.S.L. was a semi-professional league playing low-calibre soccer in second-rate stadiums. U.S.S.F.A. felt that the new

Mordechai Spiegler, of Israel, who was with the New York Cosmos in 1975.

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league aimed at something better than that, and felt they should pay for it. In fact, for all the outrage expressed by the entrepreneurs, the sum of $25,000 for a franchise was hardly exorbitant. As it happened, one of the prospective owners, Jack Kent Cooke, was in the process of buying a hockey franchise: it cost him $2 million. Jack Flamhaft, a lawyer and a member of the U.S.S.F.A. committee found it amusing: "It makes me laugh — here come in some sixteen millionaires who own some billionaire businesses in other sports and fields — people who are in *big* business — did *they* want a franchise for $25?"

Apparently they did, or at least they wanted to bargain over it. This was difficult because of the resentments on each side. John Pinto, a vice-president of R.K.O.-General and leader of one of the groups, found the U.S.S.F.A. Committee extremely difficult to deal with: "They had the attitude that we were guys with an awful lot of money and they were not going to let us come in and reap the benefit after they had been working for years — we were going to have to pay for it. In other words, they were *selling* us a franchise, this was not entry into the thing, it was a high-handed attempt to make us pay when it should have been a spirit of co-operation." Highhanded? Well, strange to relate, that was exactly how Flamhaft saw most of the applicants: "They came with a chip on their shoulder, they were saying 'We're going to invest X millions of dollars — shouldn't we have the right to tell you fellows how to run this game?'."

Decision

For U.S.S.F.A. there was nowhere left to turn. Either it recognized all three groups and faced the certain disaster of competing leagues, or it had to single out one of them for recognition. In any case, the final decision would have to be made by U.S.S.F.A.'s full convention, to be held in July 1966 in San Francisco — though, of course, it was unlikely that the convention would vote against the Committee's recommendations.

Representatives of all three groups trekked to San Francisco to plead their case, and to hear the verdict. The convention went along with the Committee, and chose to recognize only one group, that led by Jack Kent Cooke. The reason for the choice was the obvious one that this was the only group that had agreed to U.S.S.F.A.'s terms.

While the Cooke group was busy congratulating itself, the other two groups quickly realized that all their efforts and dreams were about to add up to a big fat nothing. They had had the door slammed in their face, and they were not the sort of people to put up with that. Even before the convention was over, they got together — these two groups who had told U.S.S.F.A. they would not get together — they got together and decided they would make one last joint effort to obtain U.S.S.F.A. approval. They formed the National Professional Soccer League, with ten cities represented, and at a meeting with U.S.S.F.A. in New York announced that they were now ready to accept the terms. They even produced a check for $250,000 to prove it. The problem now was the U.S.S.F.A. contract with the Cooke group which gave that group the *exclusive* rights to operate a professional soccer league. The N.P.S.L. offer had to be rejected. The door was now not only slammed, but bolted too.

Planned League

It was now August 1966, and on the 23rd the N.P.S.L. dropped its bomb. They announced that they were going to go ahead with their planned league without U.S.S.F.A. sanction, and furthermore that they would start operations the following April — just eight months away.

This was a decidedly nasty jolt for the N.A.S.L. people, who had thought they had the field to themselves, and who did not plan to start playing until 1968. But there was always this fact to reassure them; the N.P.S.L. was an "outlaw" league, not recognized by U.S.S.F.A., and therefore not by F.I.F.A., the international controlling body. This was the key point. For everybody had realized right from the start that if a professional soccer league was to amount to anything at all, it would have to be stocked — at least initially — with foreign players. There were no American players of the necessary calibre. Here was the rub of an outlaw league. A chain of obstacles would be erected against them: U.S.S.F.A. would inform F.I.F.A. that it did not recognize the N.P.S.L. and that it was a non-sanctioned league. Finally each national F.A. would inform all its players that, if they agreed to have anything to do with the N.P.S.L., either by signing for any of their clubs or arranging fixtures against them, they ran the risk of being suspended from world-wide organized soccer.

The N.P.S.L. bosses were not discouraged. They believed that if they were the first league to start playing games and if they did nothing to outrage world soccer opinion, then F.I.F.A. would be forced to recognize them. They had by this point virtually given up hope of trying to deal with U.S.S.F.A. and were bypassing them in favour of direct contact with F.I.F.A. They were encouraged by what F.I.F.A. told them, which amounted to private assurances that the N.P.S.L. would gain recognition. In public, F.I.F.A. issued statements expressing hope that the situation would be satisfactorily resolved.

Since the first approaches had been made to U.S.S.F.A., two things had happened within the United States that had made the millionaires even more sure that they were on the right track. The 1966 World Cup Final between England and Germany had been televised via satellite, all across the U.S.A. Despite the fact that it came on at 12 noon in New York and 9 a.m. in Los Angeles the viewing figures had been spectacular — eight million. Then in August 1966, an independent promoter in New York had staged an exhibition game between Santos of Brazil and Inter of Italy, and nearly 44,000 fans had turned out. Obviously, soccer's time had arrived. A mood of wild optimism had the owners in its grip. Many were expecting what Lamar Hunt called "instant major league", with sellout crowds right from the start. So confident were the N.P.S.L. owners, that they took out a ten-year lease on an expensive office space in New York for their league headquarters, and voted an annual salary of $75,000 for an as yet unnamed Commissioner to head the operation.

Over in the N.A.S.L., the complacency that came with U.S.S.F.A. sanction had worn off, and it was realized that the N.P.S.L. really meant what they said about starting the following April. Well, they could not be permitted to get away with that unchallenged. For a start, the N.A.S.L. changed its name "to avoid confusion" with the other league. Now it was the United Soccer Association, a meaningless title, but one that gave the familiar acronym U.S.A. Its members got together and decided that they had to operate in some shape or form in 1967, or the N.P.S.L. would establish a definite advantage. There was not time to assemble their own teams, so they hit on the idea of each league city adopting a foreign team for the season. They determined to bring in eight of the top European and South American teams who would put on a show that was bound to be of a much higher standard than anything the N.P.S.L. could provide with their fledgling teams.

The process of building up these teams was already under way. The N.P.S.L. obviously was having difficulties signing players, though fewer than it feared and, no doubt, the U.S.A. had hoped. The word had gone round that anyone doing business with the N.P.S.L. faced suspension, and had been topped with a rumour of dubious origin that announced that any player going to play in America stood a very good chance

1 The fact that many of the new soccer promoters were also owners of major league baseball clubs did not go unnoticed among the other baseball owners. They asked which sport was to come first — baseball or soccer? If soccer were to succeed, it must do so — at least partially — at the expense of baseball, whose season it was usurping. And if it failed, the owners would have lost money that they could have spent improving baseball.

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of being drafted into the Army and sent to Vietnam. It was not true, but it did not help the N.P.S.L.'s cause. But there were things working in their favour. The most important was that there evidently were more than enough players who found the lure of America and the dollar more than enough to offset the "outlaw" label. The N.P.S.L. agents, genuinely believing that their league would soon be recognized, were able to reduce its effects even more. The *New York Times* started to print tiny little three-liners announcing the signing of players. They were all made to sound like superstars: 27 January 1967... "An outstanding soccer player from Africa, Sammy Zoom, has signed to play with the Atlanta Chiefs of the new National Professional Soccer League." They were, almost all of them, total unknowns. Occasionally a big name would appear, but always it was a star in the twilight of his career. No matter — to the publicity people who wrote the releases, they were stars, one and all. The St Louis club pushed this to its logical end, and called itself the St Louis Stars. The press releases were absolute gems of misinformation; there is no particular reason to believe that the people who wrote them were trying to mislead. It was just that, like the editors who occasionally printed them, and the fans who read them, they did not know of what they talked. For the majority of the people involved in the league, Sammy Zoom just *might* have been the second greatest soccer player in the world (even they knew that Pelé was the No. 1) — not only could they not be sure, but there was no simple way for them to check up.

Credibility

This was no mere credibility gap — it was more fundamental than that. It was a knowledge vacuum. The vast majority of the new owners, in both leagues, had absolutely no experience whatever of soccer. Most of them did know about the way that baseball, football, basketball, and hockey were organized, and it was assumed that this, plus their undoubted success as businessmen, would be all that was necessary. They started in with all the assurance and the arrogance of men who are used to winning, to being right, to knowing all the answers. In soccer, it turned out, they barely knew what the questions were, never mind the answers.

The existence of U.S.S.F.A., and above them F.I.F.A., meant that the new

David E'Errico of the Seattle Sounders.

owners could not be a law unto themselves. They had to comply with the national and international regulations, and they found that for all their millions invested, their hands were tied on many important matters. Whether they realized this would be the case before they entered is moot; it seems likely that many of them were somewhat vaguely aware of it, but never really seriously imagined for one moment that they could be bossed about by a bunch of part-timers from U.S.S.F.A., even less so by F.I.F.A., which was not even American. In the United States the rights of the individual businessman to run his own affairs rank with the national anthem and the oath of allegiance as foundation stones of the Republic. In short, they probably knew what the form was, but they assumed that any bothersome restrictions would simply melt in the face of their entrepreneurial drive and their money.

Little did they know the hornets' nest they had jumped into. Bob Wolff, the newly appointed president of Madison Square Garden's newly minted soccer club, the New York Skyliners, got the message very quickly: "I must have been getting twenty phone calls and visitors a day — all claiming to be soccer experts, all suggesting players I should sign, all with the magic formula that was going to spell success. They were coming out of the woodwork." Wolff was finding out, with a rush, that the world of soccer was full of contentions, of theories, of national rivalries, of personal opinions. Unfortunately for him, the United States — and New York in particular — had become a gathering place for all of them. A Brazilian would visit his office and tell him — convince him — that the only sensible thing to do was to sign all Brazilians, because they played the most artistic, attacking soccer, and this was what Americans wanted — more goals, high scores. He would be followed by an Italian who pooh-poohed such nonsense and pointed out that the Italians, indeed, were the world's best, and that there was a huge Italian population in the New York area, that always turned out *en masse* for Italian teams. While Wolff was mulling that over, a German or Yugoslavian would arrive with the unassailable truth that what was wanted was some hard rugged play with body contact, that was what Americans always wanted to see, so he should sign the tougher German or Yugoslavian players. Nonsense, said the next visitor, why, didn't he know that England had just won the World Cup? Obviously the English way is the best, and anyway if he wanted to avoid all sorts of niggling problems, he should certainly sign players who can speak English. The thing to do, said another, is to take a few players of each style and nationality — this way he would get the best of everything and would attract fans from each ethnic group, and weld them into a team. What? You can't mix styles like that, they'll never be able to adapt, you'll just end up with a nothing team, now what you should do is this...

Signposts

And so it went on. Down in Philadelphia, John Rooney who was putting together the Spartans, found the same thing: "There's more experts in this game than any other sport I've ever seen." The majority of the experts were no such thing. They were fans — and like all fans of all sports they had ideas about how the game should be played. The problem was that the owners had no means of judging the worth of their counsel.

In the midst of this uncharted sea, there were just two signposts that everyone recognized. One read "Pelé", the other "World Cup". The idea was to use them as much as possible in publicity releases, even if it meant dragging them in by the scruff of their necks. Players were described as "Haitian World Cup stars" or "Jamaican World Cup stars".

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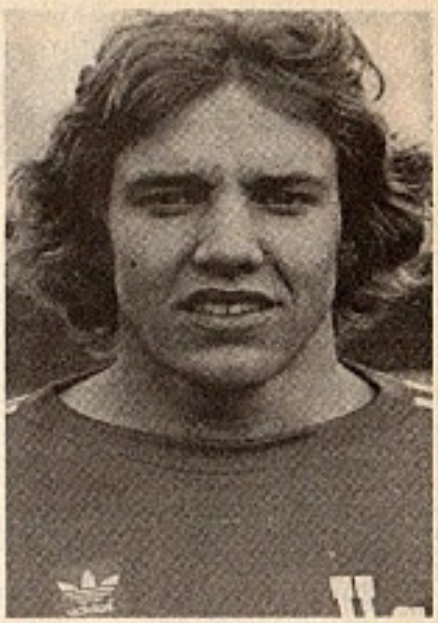
countries that had never got past the preliminary rounds of that competition. For others, strange-sounding names from faraway places, the trick was to link them with Pelé, even if it was once or twice removed. The Baltimore Bays described their new player, Hipolito Chilinque, as formerly of "Cruzeiro in Brazil's first division. Cruzeiro pulled the Brazilian soccer upset of the year last season when they beat Santos in the Brazilian Cup Final. Pelé, the greatest soccer player in the world, stars for Santos." The Lost Angeles Toros player Lucio Calonga was boosted as having "held Brazil's world famed Pelé to one goal in two games". And when the Philadelphia Spartans signed Ruben Navarro, they said that Pelé had called him "the greatest defensive player I have ever faced". True or false? . . . nobody could be sure. It was all designed to create the impression that a league of top quality was on the way. After all, World Cup meant that magnificent England-Germany game, and Pelé meant the best there was. The people who knew soccer, mostly the ethnic groups, were not fooled by all this Madison Avenue trickery — they knew better. The uninitiated showed little interest in the matter. The only ones who do seem to have been taken in were the owners themselves.

Then there was the glaring lack of soccer expertise at the top of both leagues. The N.P.S.L., looking around for someone who could help them with their recognition problem, came up with Sir George Graham, a former secretary of the Scottish Football Association. It was an appointment that was greeted with disbelief by most English journalists, who regarded Sir George as the most conservative of all Britain's soccer administrators. At least it evened things up over the matter of titles. The N.P.S.L. could now match F.I.F.A.'s Sir Stanley Rous with their own Sir George Graham.

Before either league could be said to be complete, there was the matter of Commissioners to be settled. The U.S.A. were the first to make the appointment. They chose Dick Walsh, who until that moment had spent a lifetime in baseball administration. One of his first statements was: "I don't even know what a soccer ball looks like." The N.P.S.L. could hardly allow themselves to be outdone at the top, so they also came up with someone who knew nothing about soccer. Ken Macker came in fresh from a six-year stint as publisher of three newspapers in the Philippines.

The N.P.S.L. and the U.S.A. blundered towards the opening kick-offs, both leagues top-heavy with administrative know-how and with hope, both with their feet planted firmly in mid air.

By the time opening day arrived, the N.P.S.L. had accomplished the impossible. They had conceived, gestated and — not without parturition problems — given birth to ten brand-new sports teams. They had imported over one hundred players, often with wives and children, and found them places to live. They had thought up names for the teams. John Rooney's wife had recently seen the film *The Spartans*, so his team became the Philadelphia Spartans. In Baltimore they opted for some local chauvinism with the Baltimore Bays. John Pinto thought up "fifty-or-so-names" for the New York team, and liked Generals the best — one, because it was a good name, and two, because it provided an association with the parent company, General Tyre & Rubber Company. He thought the league might find it too commercial, but they OKed it without any trouble. As most of the initial soccer support in the Los Angeles area was expected to come from the large Mexican population there, the team got a Spanish name, the Toros. The Atlanta team, owned by the baseball club the Atlanta Braves, decided to continue with the Indian motif and to become the Atlanta Chiefs.



Bob Rigby of the Philadelphia Atoms.

When it came to team colours, the reasons for choices ranged from a simple "because they were bright and easy to see on the field" for the Philadelphia Spartans' maroon and gold, to the sympathetic magic of New York's green and gold, chosen because the Green Bay Packers, then the most successful American football team around, wore them. The Pittsburgh Phantoms chose purple, because the "Phantom of the Opera" had worn purple.

Perhaps the biggest single difficulty faced by all the teams was the language barrier — or barriers. Most of them were polyglot assemblies of several nationalities, and communication presented quite a problem. The Chicago Spurs, for instance, had sixteen players on their roster — four Germans, two Poles, a Frenchman, a Peruvian, a Mexican, a Greek, an Italian, an Irishman, a Yugoslav, an Austrian, and two Americans. The story was told of how one general manager was sitting in his office one morning wondering how he could converse with one of his players who spoke only German. An assistant rushed into the office with the answer: "I've got just the guy we need — he knows all about soccer, *and* he speaks six languages! *Six* languages!" The man was ushered in, and the manager quickly explained to him what he wanted to say to the German player. The multilingual wizard stood there with a blank look on his face — as it happened, he did speak six languages, but English was not one of them.

Concluded next month

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688

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LIVERPOOL.

by KEIR RADNEDGE

THE LIVERPOOL statistics won't tell you much about the character of the club. It's all straightforward enough: Founded 1892, league champions eight times (a joint record with Arsenal), FA Cup winners 1965 and 1974, UEFA Cup winners 1973.

But if that tells you in a few cold words and figures about the achievements, it gives no hint of the magic of a big match at Anfield and, in terms of European competition, tells nothing of the fervour and drama of a campaign which has gone on, without a break, since 1964.

That was the year Liverpool won the championship for the first time since 1947. They had a fine team, many of whose members had brought the club up from the second division in 1962. But, more than a team, the name of Liverpool represented a whole movement, a teenage revolution.

This, of course, was when the Beatles swept the pop world, when the "in" accent was Liverpudlian, when the Kop made their songs and chants, fanaticism and fairness, the envy of every other club in the land and not a few beyond.

I remember driving towards Brussels late one night from France. On a little back road I came to the border crossing. The duty officer stepped out of his customs post, took one look at the car and beamed: "Ah . . . GB . . . England . . . Liverpool . . . Beatles!"

Just as the Liverpool sound made a killing in pop, so the football team followed in its wake in Europe — but without ever reaching No. 1 until 1973, when they won the UEFA Cup, that competition manager Bill Shankly once claimed never to have heard of . . . "After all, we'll never be playing in it!"

Characters

Shankly was one of the greatest characters of post-war British soccer. He had won five Scottish caps as a wing half in the 1930s while with Preston, but it's for his single-minded work at Liverpool, where he took over in 1959, for which he'll always be remembered. His devotion was total. No defeat could ever be admitted in terms of skill or effort, particularly against "the continentals" — Shankly wouldn't accept there was a better team anywhere than Liverpool.

In Amsterdam in the autumn of 1966 Liverpool went down 5-1 to Ajax in the fog. The match should never have been played, they claimed, though the murky evening air didn't seem to worry Johan Cruyff, or Henk Groot or Bennie Muller. Yet that didn't stop Shankly and his hordes from promising vengeance in the return. It wasn't forthcoming. Liverpool were held 2-2 at Anfield — but that portrayed the spirit of both the man and the teams he built, even though their second tilt at the Champions' Cup had ended in the second round.

And that's the funny thing about Liverpool. I always rate them a team good for the quarter finals, if not the semi finals, of whatever contest they enter. Yet their European record doesn't bear this out. Six times out of 12 they've been stopped in the first two rounds.

Of course there have been magnificent triumphs. But quite as magnificent, in the memories of all those who have followed the Reds in Europe, were some of the failures.

That first challenge in Europe still brings back some of the most biting of soccer emotions. I don't think I'll ever forget the Rotterdam drama as Liverpool met Köln in a play-off of their Champions' Cup quarter final. The first two legs had finished goalless — the Anfield return thanks to an incredible show from Köln keeper Toni Schumacher.

Those were the days before penalty deciders and substitutes. So, amid fixture chaos, the two teams went to Rotterdam. Those were the days, too, when Liverpool seemed to have 11 players and 11 players only: Tommy Lawrence in goal; Chris Lawler and Gerry Byrne the full backs; big Ron Yeats the skipper and stopper; Gordon Milne and Willie Stevenson at wing half; Ian Callaghan and Peter Thompson, two wingers who fell back to work for their glory in away legs; Ian St John always probing; Roger Hunt scoring the goals; and a newcomer, Tommy Smith, who played alongside Yeats but wore the No. 10 shirt.

Liverpool were sometimes painted by their opponents as tactically inept. That was the biggest fallacy of all. But they weren't infallible. Köln showed that in the play-off. Liverpool were 2-0 up when an injury to Wolfgang Weber cut the West Germans back to ten men.

Outstripped

Yet with a display of character and heart which, for once, outstripped even Liverpool, the Germans — right winger Karl-Heinz Thielen and the brilliant Wolfgang Overath in full cry — drew level. Into extra time. No more goals. The toss of a coin sent Liverpool forward into the tie we surely all remember.

The opposition was provided by the reigning European champions, Internazionale. And the first leg took place just a couple of days after Liverpool had slogged through extra time to overcome Leeds in the FA Cup Final. Liverpool suffered for that. Besides the ravages of fatigue, a broken collar bone ruled out Byrne; Milne too, a key man in midfield, wasn't fit.

Instead these two paraded round the pitch with the FA Cup before the game, whipping the crowd of 54,082 — still the Anfield European record — to a frenzy in time to greet the teams. The Italians, hard and experienced as they were, were shaken.

As the crowd roared out "Go back to Italy" to the tune of Santa Lucia, Hunt scored one goal; Callaghan another; St John another. But in between, a silly defensive muddle allowed Sandro Mazzola to snatch one back, giving Inter an outside chance for San Siro.

Here, before 82,000, even Helenio Herrera only reckoned on earning a play-off. Liverpool will always blame Spanish referee Ortiz de Mandibil. First for that Mario Corso free kick which Jair da Costa touched in after only eight minutes. Then, for allowing Joaquin Peiro to whip the ball from Lawrence and score a second two minutes later.

On today's rules, of course, Inter would have been ahead already. But away goals didn't count double in 1965, so Liverpool were still all square. But then they didn't have quite the resistance later borne of long treks into the European soccer jungle. A beautiful move through the middle after an hour gave Giacinto Facchetti the opportunity to lope through the inside right position and beat Lawrence from the edge of the penalty box.

Liverpool had been beaten — at the penultimate hurdle. Still, they already had the Cup-winners' Cup to look forward to, with the same team. And this time they went one step further — to the final. Once there, no-one thought they could lose, especially since the game was played at Hampden and to get there Shankly's

..IN EUROPE

John Toshack scores Liverpool's (and his own) second goal against West Ham United at Upton Park. Liverpool won 4-0 with Toshack getting a hat-trick.

men had beaten opponents of the calibre of Juventus, Standard Liege, Honved and Celtic.

Their opponents were the new-obscure West German club who had eliminated holders West Ham — Borussia Dortmund. Perhaps Liverpool should have been warned ... not so much about the skills up front of Sigi Held, tricky right winger Reinhard Libuda, and the blunt if predictable goal-scorer Lothar Emmerich. There was one man they had no answer to — Borussia skipper and sweeper Wolfgang Paul. For an hour he, and he alone, held Liverpool at bay. Then, with the Red's back line far up and square, Held and Emmerich worked a one-two and, against the run of play, Held had put Borussia one up.

As the match drew towards a close, Liverpool didn't look like catching them. Finally Peter Thompson switched to the ring, went to the by-line and pulled back a centre. The Germans hesitated. It seemed Thompson had taken the ball beyond the line before pulling it back. The linesman started to raise his flag ... and in the confusion Hunt flicked home the equaliser.

That gave Liverpool the incentive to pile on even more pressure and the match staggered into extra time. Dortmund were back around their penalty box, defending desperately, when Held went away on his own, catching a pass from Rudi Assauer. Lawrence went down at Held's feet on the edge of the Liverpool box and the ball ballooned away to Libuda, far out on the right. He looked up, saw Lawrence on his hands and knees far from goal and hit a long, high lob. Lawrence and Yeats, arms flailing, tottered backwards in dismay. Good news ... the ball struck the bar. Then the bad ... it hit Yeats on the back and finished up in the net. Liverpool, having made the final, had been beaten by their own attacking bravado.

Hunt, at least, took a personal revenge over Held and Emmerich a few months later, when England beat West Germany in that other final at Wembley ... Liverpool fared badly in Europe in 1966-67. Back in the Champions' Cup, they took three matches to break down a stubborn Petrolul Ploesti, and then came the foggy debacle of Amsterdam.

So, they had to make do with the Fairs Cup. Again it was all over before Christmas. This time, after beating Malmoe and thrashing the daylights out of TSV 1860 München, Liverpool lost their unbeaten Anfield record. Ferencvaros beat them home and away by the same score: 1-0.

The toss of a coin rather than the brilliance of Athletic Bilbao put an end to more Fairs Cup hopes the next season, and the new away goals rule suited Vitoria Setubal only too well in the second round in 1969-70.

But by now this was a far different Liverpool — in terms of players, at least — to the original Shankly model. Ray Clemence had replaced Lawrence in goal and was on his way to a regular place with England; £60,000 Larry Lloyd had come from Bristol Rovers to replace Yeats; at a similar price Emlyn Hughes, son of a rugby league player and, despite his Welsh name, an England international, had arrived to play in midfield though he'd made his name as a full back with Blackpool; Steve Heighway and Brian Hall, the university graduates, emphasise the way lifting the maximum wage had raised soccer's horizons; and up front a couple of £100,000 purchases — teenager Alun Evans from Wolves, and John Toshack from Cardiff — had taken over from Hunt and St John.

Evans hit a hat-trick against Bayern Munich — Beckenbauer and all — in the 1970-71 Fairs Cup and it was only another English team, perhaps knowing Liverpool just that little bit too well, who put them out in the semi-finals. Leeds won 1-0 at Anfield and the return was goalless.

● Continued on page 12

FOCUS ON DYNAMO DRESDEN BY ERIC BATTY

Return of Kreische key factor

EAST GERMAN champions in 1972-73 and Cup and League double winners in 1970-71, Dynamo Dresden have had some very good teams in the past but their present side is probably the best and most experienced that has yet entered any of the three European competitions.

Last season they were pegged back by the absence of their inside left star Hans-Jurgen Kreische and could only finish third in the league and in the FA Cup Final, though twice in front through Heidler and Richter, they were finally taken to extra time and lost after 120 minutes, 4-3 on penalties to Sachsenring Zwickau. Even then, however, they were without the genius of Kreische who would almost certainly have turned the game for them in the final had he been fit.

This season, apparently showing no ill effects after almost two complete years out of the game or at best half-fit, Kreische has returned with a real bang and at the half way mark — after 13 games in the league — Kreische has scored 14 league goals to take top place amongst the marksmen of the DDR.

Top of the league in the current campaign, semi finalists in the FA Cup, the club also has strength in depth for the Dynamo Reserve team reached the last 16 in the East German FA Cup, only losing 2-0 away to Sachsenring Zwickau the holders.

Mid-season

There are two other factors in Dynamo's favour. This year the second half of their season began earlier than usual on February 11 and when they play Liverpool they will have had more than five competitive matches behind them as well as mid-season friendly matches. Fresh after the break but match fit again, the timing for them couldn't be better.

Again the Dynamo squad includes seven full internationals and Frank Ganzera (now only a reserve though still only 28) and Kreische played at Wembley against England in 1970. It seems unlikely that with all their experience they are going to be over-awed at the situation, even though Liverpool's Kop can be amongst the most vociferous in the world.

The Dresden outfit is quite accustomed to playing before big crowds apart from international matches. In Dresden they regularly pull in the best gates in the DDR. This season they drew 33,000 to see a 5-1 win over BFC Dynamo Berlin early on; attracted 34,000 for their next home game, a 2-0 win over Vorwarts Frankfurt and other attendances have varied around the 30,000 mark.

In domestic competition Dynamo have been beaten only once this season, surprisingly at home. In away league games they have won 3 and drawn 3, lost 0 for a goals tally of 12 goals for and only 7 against. At home they have won 6 and lost one of their 7 games for goal figures of 25 to 7. Their only defeat came against HFC Chemie when they lost 2-4 at home, but that came just three days after a testing UEFA Cup game away to Torpedo Moscow.

All this puts Dynamo on top of the DDR First Division at the break, just one point ahead of Lokomotive Leipzig who have recovered from their ghastly time last season. Lokomotive actually took over the leadership after that Chemie defeat but in the last game before the winter break Dynamo travelled to Leipzig and earned both points to go top again with a convincing 2-0 win — with both goals coming from Kreische.

Dynamo's record speaks for itself, though they would probably be over optimistic to think they can win at Anfield. That would be expecting too much, but equally, they should on their best form give Liverpool the most difficult task they have faced this season in the UEFA Cup and bearing in mind they will certainly start favourites at home, Liverpool will probably need at least a three goal advantage in their home game.

Domestic

There are several other guides to Dynamo's strength though they are all related to domestic football which does not necessarily apply at international level. In the annual hunt for the footballer of the year award three Dresden players — libero Hans-Jurgen Dorner tops the list (points per game based on performance) despite missing one match, with Reinhard Hafner in second place and Gerd Weber fourth. Again Dorner, Hafner, Weber and Schade are rated the best players in their positions on current form, surprisingly Kreische rates only second at inside left behind Lokomotive's veteran Henning Frenzel.

If Dynamo have a weakness it is the fact that they rely perhaps too much on Kreische for their goals, though every player is a potential scorer. Nine men have scored for Dynamo in their 13 league games including libero Dorner with four but significantly their second highest scorer, Rainer Sachse who has six goals to his credit, cannot claim a regular place in the side.

One other player rates an individual mention — right back Gerd Weber. Only 19, Weber got into the first XI last season while Kreische was out, playing in his usual role in midfield, he showed his maturity by becoming the penalty taker in Kreische's absence and with a record 48 Youth caps behind him, finally was moved to right back this season. There he has done so well that he already has three full caps.

Tactics

Team manager Walter Fritzsche, who is 54, has been with Dynamo for some years and though he may adapt his usual 1-3-3-3 tactics at Anfield this will be the formula at the 35,000 capacity Dynamo Stadion where Liverpool will certainly pull in a full house.

Usual line up:

Klaus Boden 24 years/No caps
Hans-Jurgen Dorner 25/25
Gerd Weber 19/3
Udo Schmuck 23/0
Siegmar Watzlich 28/24
Reinhard Hafner 24/11
Hartmut Schade 21/1
Hans-Jurgen Kreische 28/50
Dieter Riedl 28/0
Peter Kotte 21/0
Gert Heidler 28/0

Full international Frank Ganzera is likely to re-inforce the defence at Anfield with Weber moving to midfield and perhaps Rainer Sachse being brought on as substitute if they find themselves needing a goal.

New European Super League?

Paul Radford proposes a new angle on an —old idea—

FOOTBALL IDEALISTS have long had a pipe-dream that one day a European superleague will be formed in which the public are regularly offered such choice morsels as Real Madrid v Leeds or Celtic v Bayern.

The idea has been bandied about a dozen times or more but has never got off the ground for a variety of reasons. The main stumbling-block has always been the prospect of top clubs leaving their own domestic leagues for a season to join the rest of the best of Europe.

The English Football League would obviously not take kindly to the enormous financial losses to first division clubs if, say, Liverpool and Manchester United were to opt for Europe. The Spanish league without Real Madrid and Barcelona would be a disaster.

Even for the clubs themselves the positive financial incentives of a superleague do bring a certain risk as well. What would happen if the idea didn't catch on with the soccer public? Would Juventus, for example, draw such big crowds if they were a mediocre side in a European league instead of a top club in Italy?

For all the problems, the pipe-dreamers remain and, being one of them, I have my own plan for a European superleague which I believe eliminates most of the risks.

Involve

My main proposal is that clubs playing in the superleague would continue in their own domestic championships. Would this not involve too many fixtures for superleague clubs, or else too small a superleague?

The answer is that it would if one thinks in conventional terms of each club playing each other at home and away.

But if the superleague had an odd number of clubs — I suggest fifteen — and each club plays each other only once, we end up with only fourteen fixtures per team — seven at home and seven away.

When one considers that clubs which reach the final of the European Fairs Cup have, for years, been playing twelve matches in Europe, fourteen hardly seems a staggering increase. And fifteen clubs is a respectable and sensible size for a league.

One cannot overlook that there might be a certain amount of fixture congestion, however, but it could be overcome. The superleague's organising body (UEFA?) would have to find space for fifteen midweeks to be kept clear. (Fifteen because as there are odd number of clubs each would have to miss one round.)

This is three more than at present, but looking at the current season's fixtures I think extra dates could have been found in September, October and April. One could obviously get round this problem by simply reducing the superleague to thirteen clubs.

What about the present European club competitions do I hear you say? They would quite clearly be made redundant by a superleague.

Prospect

As nobody is going to relish the prospect of a mere fifteen clubs sharing the European cake between them, I would suggest the European Cup, Cup-Winners' Cup and Fairs Cup be replaced by a qualifying competition for the following season's superleague.

I feel it would be necessary that the top eight teams in the superleague should automatically qualify for the following season's competition. This would give incentive and interest to clubs in the middle and lower parts of the superleague who might find themselves with little real chance of the title after just four or five matches.

Winner

This leaves seven places in the superleague for qualifiers. Seven groups of sixteen teams could compete on a knock-out basis with the winner of each going through to the superleague. These 112 aspirants to the superleague would be drawn from European countries according to their relative strength.

For example one each from Cyprus, Malta, etc., up to five or six from Spain, West Germany, Italy and England. The total number involved would be almost exactly the same as are currently taking part in European competitions.

Perhaps the most controversial aspect of all this would be in deciding which fifteen clubs should participate in the first superleague.

It's not inconceivable that nations like Spain, Italy and England would demand three entries each which would not leave a lot of room for anyone else. But the only fair method of selection would be on merit regardless of the number of clubs from each country.

Perhaps a better way would be to place all past winners of the European Cup in the superleague together with the current European Cup semi-finalists and winners or finalists from the other European competitions.

If the superleague started next season, for example, we might find the following fifteen superteams: Real Madrid, Benfica, AC Milan, Inter Milan, Celtic, Manchester United, Feyenoord, Ajax Amsterdam, Bayern Munich, Dynamo Kiev, Hajduk Split, Borussia Moenchengladbach, Anderlecht, Liverpool and Barcelona.

And that's a mouth-watering prospect by any standards!

Peter Anderson, formerly of Luton Town now with Anderlecht. Could find himself playing in England, with Anderlecht, if Paul Raford's Super-League proposals were to be implemented.

HAMMERS THIRD CAMPAIGN

by Jack Rollin

IT IS perhaps a trifle surprising that West Ham United are only in their third season in European competition. In fact they have competed solely in the Cup Winners Cup, once after winning it, the two other occasions as the right of F.A. Cup holders.

Yet to imagine that West Ham are largely inexperienced in international affairs is entirely a misguided interpretation of their existence. Just the opposite is true.

West Ham began playing teams abroad in 1921 since when they have contested foreign sides in more than 200 matches of if not competitive a basically friendly nature. It began with a tour of Spain in which four matches were played in Madrid, Vigo, Bilbao and Corunna, all of which were won without a goal being conceded.

Visits to Europe and Scandinavian centres took place pretty regularly until the late 1930s and were finally interrupted by World War Two. However West Ham were quick off the mark in 1946 with a marathon stint in Switzerland in which seven games were played all of them won and with an aggregate of 33 goals to seven.

In 1962 another milestone achievement was the visit to Africa and fixtures were undertaken in Nyasaland, Southern Rhodesia and Ghana. The following year West Ham competed in the United States International Tournament which enabled them to play in three centres, New York, Detroit and Chicago. They won the final of this competition but were beaten by Dukla Prague 2-1 on aggregate, in the American Challenge Cup against the previous holders.

West Ham went back to New York in 1965 but this time could win only one of their competitive matches oddly enough against the side they had defeated in the Cup Winners Cup at Wembley earlier that year, TSV Munich 1860.

The following year fresh ground was trodden when they played in the United Arab Republic against the crack Cairo side Zamalek Sports, suffering a rather surprising 5-1 defeat.

But it was back to the States again in 1969 for the North American Soccer League where they were runners-up. A year later the famous Santos of Brazil provided a meeting in New York and ended in an honours satisfied 2-2 draw.

Home and away matches against the Israeli national team in 1973 opened further ground and the same year a pre-season visit to Spain enabled West Ham to participate in one of those popular tournaments beloved by the Iberians.

This one was in Zaragoza, but CSKA Sofia and the locals Real Zaragoza both beat them.

The Hammers can be justly proud during this time of some notable European ventures. Their disappointment at losing the FA Cup Final to Bolton Wanderers in April 1923 brought the compensation of not only winning promotion to the First Division but the following month of becoming the first English club to visit Germany after the First World War. And they were the only side to have played the British Army in Cologne in 1925 and Wiesbaden in 1928.

Another friendly

Among the monarchs who honoured the club were King Alfonso in Madrid, King Christian in Copenhagen, King Haakon in Oslo and the Regent in Budapest.

In 1955 the first 'live' television transmission from Upton Park saw the Dutch club Holland Sports from Rotterdam appear in a goalless draw. This came a year after the Hammers had suffered a crushing defeat in another friendly under the lights against AC Milan who won by a colossal six clear goals.

Then again in 1967 an exhibition match against Real Madrid in the Astrodome, Houston, Texas, represented the first match played on a full size soccer pitch entirely under cover.

But quite naturally the pinnacle of success was reached 11 years ago in the final of the Cup Winners Cup at Wembley against Munich 1860. In many ways it was a classic entertainment in which both sides gave a memorable performance, neither really deserving to lose though West Ham probably having the justifiable edge.

WEST HAM and LIVERPOOL EURO-CHARTS ON PAGE 29

Bayern took their revenge in the 1971-72 Cup-winners' Cup, but it was a good omen when, in the next UEFA Cup campaign, Liverpool met — and conquered — West German opponents in the first round.

It wasn't just Eintracht Frankfurt, however, who couldn't cope with the Shankly rebuilding programme. AEK Athens, Dynamo East Berlin, Dynamo Dresden — then, as now, quarter final rivals — and Tottenham all fell to one side as Liverpool made the final. Again their opponents were named Borussia — this time from Moenchengladbach, and starring Günter Netzer, who had taken England apart at Wembley the previous year.

No-one had breached Liverpool's defence at Anfield that season and the weather hardly promised to help the neat West Germans. It poured with rain most of the day and after quarter of an hour the first leg was abandoned. For the Germans it was a costly dummy run . . .

Shankly realised from those 15 minutes that Borussia, with Netzer as sweeper, would be the masters if the ball stayed on the ground. What was needed, especially in these conditions, was the much-despised "English game" — a tall man up front, and the ball in the air.

So Shankly recalled John Toshack, the big Welshman who thought Liverpool didn't want him any more, and the next night the Germans were caught on the hop,

● Continued from page 9

Liverpool won 3-0 and just contained Borussia, 2-0 winners in the return. At last — a European trophy.

So much promise. Then, as before, came the disappointments. Back in the Champions' Cup, Liverpool were made to struggle by the amateurs of Luxembourg's Jeunesse d'Esch and were beaten home and away by Red Star Belgrade. In the Cup-winners' Cup, despite the brilliant £35,000 bargain buy from Scunthorpe, Kevin Keegan, the second round was again the last. Ferencvaros repeated their 1967 victory, this time on the away goal — a last-minute breakaway by Mate. Liverpool protested in vain that Tommy Smith had been hit by a bottle thrown from the crowd in Budapest.

Liverpool, of course, are now under new management — Bob Paisley having stepped up after Shankly's surprise, abrupt retirement 20 months ago. New players have arrived too — like young Jimmy Case, who scored a hat-trick against Slask Wroclaw after being called in at the last minute when Heighway failed a fitness test.

That was Liverpool's second hat-trick of this season's competition — Toshack headed three against Hibernian in the first round. Real Sociedad of San Sebastian were crushed in the second round, now Dresden provide the opposition, just as in 1972-73.

Could this be Liverpool's year . . . again?

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Bukta

Powerful last contest Europ

IN THE 20-year-old history of the European Champions' Cup there have been perhaps just three occasions when the line up for the quarter-final stage was as powerful as this season. By a remarkable coincidence last year's winners of all three European competitions (Bayern Munich, Dynamo Kiev and Borussia Mönchengladbach) are together, still in the running in the premier contest, with the two clubs who took this trophy in its first seven years of existence (Real Madrid and Benfica Lisbon), plus the representatives of such strong footballing nations as Holland (PSV Eindhoven), Yugoslavia (Hajduk Split) and the "dark horses" from France (St Etienne).

I would say that only in 1961-62, when Real Madrid, Benfica, Juventus, Tottenham, Glasgow Rangers, Standard Liege, Dukla Prague and 1. FC Nürnberg were still in contention, then maybe in 1971-72, with Ajax, Benfica, Inter-Milan, Feyenoord, Celtic, Arsenal, Ujpest-Dozsa and Standard Liege, and possibly in 1972-73 comprising Ajax, Bayern Munich, Real Madrid, Juventus, Dynamo Kiev, Derby County, Ujpest-Dozsa and Spartak Trnava, has there been a last eight to compare with the present set of challengers.

It will be noticed that in each of the aforementioned seasons there was a representative from England — but, alas, this term there is none, not even from Scotland to provide at least a British contender.

The match of the round and one that would make a marvellous final is the clash between the six-times winners Real Madrid and the German champions and UEFA Cup holders Borussia Mönchengladbach. The tie has attracted tremendous interest all over the Continent and specifically in West Germany since Madrid's schemer is now the famous Günter Netzer, a former star and favourite with Borussia where he spent the first ten years of his first class career. And of course Real's other "mercenary" is also a well known German international, Paul Breitner.

Veteran

Both these clubs, under relatively new managers are, as I write, topping their League championship and both want badly to win the European Cup — Real with a rebuilt side for the first time in ten years and Borussia for the first time in their 76-year history. For Real's Yugoslav chief Miljan Miljanic, who took over at Bernabeu after the 1974 World Cup, it has been a wonderful 18 months in which he led the club to their 16th title and into the quarter-finals of the European Cup, after one of the most sensational fight backs in the previous round.

It will be remembered that Real were trailing by 1-4 from the first leg against English champions Derby County, but thanks to a glorious display of all that is best in football, they won 5-1 at home. Next to the German stars Netzer and Breitner, the Madrilenos also boast two most experienced veteran internationals in "libero" Pirri and striker Amancio, while the young bustling centre forward Santillana, the Argentinian Roberto Martinez and fine defenders like Benito and Camacho make Real again a team to be feared in Europe.

But Borussia Mönchengladbach, under new boss Udo Lattek, have continued their run of success founded by their old manager Hennes Weisweiler, now with Barcelona. The shift in power in German club football has been quite dramatic: In the World Cup the German national team relied on six men from Bayern Munich — now, in the last international, v. Turkey, the backbone of the side consisted of five players from Borussia: defender Vogts, striker Heynckes, the entire midfield trio with Wimmer, Danner and Stielike, while World Cup finalist Bonhof came on as a substitute!

Borussia will switch the home tie with Real Madrid from their own small Bökelberg ground (capacity 34,500) to the nearby World Cup stadium at Düsseldorf, where they are assured of a sell out 70,000 crowd. Real will confidently expect Bernabeu to be filled with 125,000 fans.

But West Germany have another powerful contender in Bayern Munich, the winners of the trophy for the past two seasons. Their pairing with Benfica should also produce full houses in the Olympic stadium in Munich (75,000) and at the Estadio da Luz (65,000). The Bavarians have suffered in the first half of the season from a string of injuries, which laid out Andersson, Hansen Hoeness and Gerd Müller.

But now with the return of their World Cup stars Müller and Hoeness, the holders will again mount a stern challenge to retain the coveted prize. With their stalwarts in defence like Beckenbauer, Schwarzenbeck and goalkeeper Maier, Germany's favourite team are a good bet for a "hat-trick".

Dominated

Not that Benfica will be easy to remove. The Portuguese team may be a poor copy from the heydays of the early 'sixties, when they dominated this competition with the help of such stars as Germano, Coluna and Eusebio, but they can still field a number of more than useful performers.

In defence the experienced Barros and Artur, in midfield Toni and up front Nene and Jordao are all international class players who can give any side in Europe a run for their money.

On their own ground in particular, Benfica have always done well and their smooth, rhythmic football and confidence borne of again leading the championship stakes, stamps them as formidable competitors.

An intriguing tie is in prospect between the emergent Dutch club PSV Eindhoven and Yugoslavia's representatives Hajduk Split. Both countries belong currently to the upper sphere in Europe, their national teams having qualified for the European Championship quarter-finals.

Holland confirmed recently at club and national level their strength, which

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eight
ean Cup

by Arthur Rotmil

resulted from the introduction of professional football, and though they are better known for Ajax and Feyenoord, the title holders from the famous Phillips works at Eindhoven are worthy successors. PSV are well served in defence by a fine 'keeper Van Beveren and centre back Van Kraay, in midfield by the Van de Kerkhoff twins and in attack by Van der Kuylen and the Swedish World Cup star Ralf Edstroem.

Hajduk — the name refers to mercenary soldiers of the type hired in the 16th and 17th centuries to defend the coast against marauding pirates — are no strangers to European competitions. They have recently toppled their great rivals Red Star Belgrade, by winning the "double" for the past two years!

Striker

The team is packed with internationals like defender Buljan, midfielders Muzinic, Perusovic and Jerkovic, plus forwards Zungul and Surjak. Even the departure of their redoubtable schemer Oblak (to Schalke), has not dimmed the brilliance of their football, which only needs a lethal striker to make the rest of Europe tremble.

Hajduk are another of those sides whose away form bears no relation to the power on their own compact ground in Split, where they fear no one. But the Slavs may be handicapped by lack of match practice, due to the customary winter break.

In the remaining tie the Russians from Dynamo Kiev want to follow up last year's triumph in the Cup Winners' Cup — the first by a Soviet side in any European club competition — by taking the "big one". Many experts think that the Dynamos can do it. Headed by the newly elected "European Footballer of the Year", Oleg Blochin, a striker of superb quality, the Ukrainians who are currently supplying nine men to the Russian national side, have a well organised defence, marshalled by Fomenko and the experienced, giant goalkeeper Rudakov.

The midfield is controlled by Kolotov and Muntjan, while the striking force is led by Blochin and Onistchenko. The Russian champions have developed a style of their own, but they are at their best when breaking swiftly from defence and launching their brilliant spearheads. Any notions that these Russians play like robots, can be safely dismissed for there is nothing stereotyped, unimaginative or stodgy about the men from Kiev.

Their opponents St. Etienne (it means St. Stephen!) of France, are regarded by some as rank outsiders, but they did eliminate Glasgow Rangers (winning both legs convincingly), and should profit from the long winter lay-off enforced on Dynamo, who may be short of competitive practice.

The French champions rely in the front line on the Revelli brothers, on their schemer Larqué and the Argentinian stopper Piazza in defence. Kiev will pull in, just like last season in the Cup Winners' tournament, their usual 100,000 crowd and this tremendous support could help them to overcome the "winter blues" and the French.

Poland at crossroads

by Eric Batty

CLEARLY FOOTBALL in Poland improved enormously during the 1970's when they finally left the likes of Austria, France and Finland to join the slits in Europe. But since the World Cup there have been signs that all is not well with the Polish national team.

When they only beat Finland 2-1 in their first European championship game it was no real surprise for their players had clearly keyed themselves up for the World Cup just two months earlier, probably living like monks in the weeks before the event in West Germany. Human nature being what it is, they inevitably relaxed after taking third place in Munich and the game with Finland came too early for them.

Since then, however, they have been eliminated from the European championship by Holland. That Holland should put them out, even by a slender margain is no real surprise, for at their best, Holland are perhaps the best national team to be found in Europe. It was the manner of their defeat in Amsterdam that created doubts in the mind rather than the defeat.

My personal contact with the new Poland began in August, 1973, when, fresh from preparations in North America, they met Bulgaria in Varna. I was tremendously impressed, not only by their skilful football but by the pace at which they played and with their obvious enthusiasm and determination to do well in the forthcoming games against Wales and England.

Constructive

The most eye catching player in Varna was right winger Grzegorz Lato who I noted right away as a potential menace to everyone. Szarmach was not there but Domarski looked very useful too, while the defence was sound and constructive.

In midfield they had Kasperczak and Deyna in very fine form, both preparing the way with skilful approach play before hitting long passes for Lato to chase. With Gadocha on the left wing dropping back to work, the Poles formation of 1-3-3½-2½ (Gadocha being the two halves) was reminiscent of Brazil's tactical formation in Mexico.

Clearly the Poles were going to trouble England at Wembley. This gave me my second look at Poland, and I made them worthy of their 1-1 draw; indeed a little unfortunate not to have won for two reasons. The first was that England's goal came from a very doubtful penalty, the second that McFarland produced a rugby tackle to prevent a complete breakthrough — and Lato once away on his own with only the goalkeeper to beat, wasted his chance waiting for an offside whistle that never came.

Writing in WORLD SOCCER before the 1974 World Cup, I tipped Poland to do well and while the majority view in England was that Poland had been lucky to qualify I was proved right by the Poles taking third place. I saw them several times in Germany and became more impressed every time I saw them, though of course the third place match was a disappointment... these games always are!

Judgement

My next personal experience of seeing the Polish side was in Amsterdam at the end of last year in what was a vital game with Holland. Clearly things had gone wrong but on the evidence of one game and without knowing whether the key men had been doing well for their clubs in season 1975-76 it was difficult to sit in judgement.

In Amsterdam, however, there was enough evidence to see that the team built by Kazimierz Gorski was in a state of crisis. This very largely revolved around the very disappointing showing of Kazimierz Deyna and his colleagues in midfield, but the problems did not end there.

Deyna has always been a skilful, intelligent player but when I had seen him before 1973 he had always appeared to be *chicken*. That is to say — a good player when opponents stood back and gave him time and space, but one who tended to fear injury and shy away from close involvement with a tight-marking and quick tackling opponent. Under physical pressure Deyna, to me, was suspect.

If Deyna appeared to master this weakness in his game for the visit to Wembley and the World Cup it stood out to me in Amsterdam that here was a man who had had enough. He lacks the determination *to fight for the right to play his kind of football*. Deyna, I believe, is finished and he was a vital cog in Poland's machine. Kasperczak too has begun to show his age — not old really but old enough if he does not take his training very seriously. At all events, he too was disappointing in Amsterdam and the result was that the Dutch got a grip on midfield that they never let go.

Gadocha I believe is also finished as a top class player and I think Mr Gorski knows it too. Again, though Szarmach showed himself to be full of aggression and determination in Amsterdam it is clear that he is not the kind of player who can create his own shooting positions. He needs good players around him to set him up to score goals... and in Amsterdam such players were not in evidence. He tried hard but got nowhere.

Grzegorz Lato, however, was the biggest disappointment up front. All his pace and fire seems to have gone; the drive that took him, going like an Olympic hundred metre man, seemed to be missing. Noting that in the first half of the Polish league season Lato has scored only five goals, it seems possible that he is merely going through a period of poor form and that he can come again. Certainly he is young enough.

Defence

But the defence was rocky too. Jerzy Gorgon, out for disciplinary reasons, was badly missed and perhaps the time has come to replace right back Antoni Szymanowski. He isn't very old either but with all his experience he moves upfield like all the modern full backs, but invariably finishes with a high cross into the middle that comes to nothing against a well organised defence. The left back and the job of marking the enemy number nine are also matters that Mr Gorski will be giving his attention to.

Having produced an unknown group of players and welded them into a good team, there seems to be no valid reason why the team should not be re-built, but it is clear that the clubs must produce the players if Gorski is to have any chance.

Right now, Poland's immediate future hangs in the balance. Maybe there are more young players waiting in the wings to be called up, but there is a nasty thought in the back of my mind that will not leave me.

Could it be that Poland's players are now following the path of their counterparts in Hungary? Good players with fine technique, content (after having proved themselves in the World Cup) to be just good players and live the good life? It would be a tragedy for Gorski, for Poland and for the game as a whole if it were true. Only time will tell.

ANDRE DUCLOS reports from France

Saint Etienne prosper -Rocher happy

SAINT ETIENNE sail on, the only French club capable of giving a decent account of themselves in Europe — ask Rangers! — and their president, the ebullient, inflammable M. Roger Rocher, has a right to puff his pipe and feel happy. Often at the centre of controversy, not least over the Carnus-Bosquier Affair, the Salif Keita Affair, the Georges Bereta Affair, he has a formidable resilience.

Under Rocher, who can, by general consent, be outspoken and frank to the point of intransigence, Saint Etienne have shown a remarkable capacity to rise from the ashes. Their youth policy has much to do with that; and you might almost say that it is a youth policy which extends all the way to their manager, Rocher having no hesitation in making his ex-captain, the French international Roby Herbin, manager of the club at 34.

Pierre Garonnaire, of whom we have written in these columns before, has shown marvellous flair for finding first class young talent, and Herbin has not hesitated to put it into the team, but I think you have to give credit to Rocher for encouraging such a bold attitude. It has certainly paid off this season, not only with the developing and maturing of Dominique Bathenay into a splendid full international, not only with the arrival of Dominique Rocheteau as an outside-right capable of shining with France as well as Saint Etienne, but with the "blooding", through injury of such other youngsters in attack as Schaer, not to mention Larios and Lacuesta.

Centre-forward

In the circumstances, I suppose you can say that the gamble of selling Georges Bereta to Marseille last season in, so to speak, mid-career (of the club . . .) was justified. It caused, as you may remember, no end of a rumpus, and there are still those who believe that though they went on to win the League, Saint Etienne badly compromised their chances in the European Cup. What seems beyond doubt is that the going of Bereta has allowed Larqué, once a centre-forward, to mature into one of the finest midfield generals in France, while creating room for such as Rocheteau up front.

The Carnus-Bosquier contretemps showed Rocher at his most fiery; and got the Limited Time contract, the *contrat à temps*, off on the worst possible foot. You'll perhaps recall that the season before such contracts came into force, with Saint Etienne on top of the League, well ahead of Marseille, it suddenly leaked out that both men, star goalkeeper and star stopper, had agreed to join none other than Marseille at the end of that very campaign; Rocher blew his top, insisted that neither man kick another ball for Saint Etienne.

Cantered ahead

The team fell sadly to pieces, and Marseille cantered in ahead of them as the Champions. Yet once again, was Rocher wholly wrong? He did after all act, however angrily and hastily, as a man of principle, and though Marseille did for a time keep on top of French football with the help of Carnus and Bosquier, the two faded very quickly, and it wasn't long before Herbin's youngsters had restored Saint Etienne to their old hegemony; and better.

Of course, clever buying, especially if Piazza and Curkovic, has also had something to do with the success of the club. Oswaldo Piazza, most unyielding of stoppers, a line on the ground as well as in the air, a superb jumper, a fine tackler, a general inspiration, has had easily his best season since coming to France. An Argentinian international — and they could surely do with him now, too — he was a little slow to settle down, but today he is probably, with Katalinski of Nice, the best centre-back in the French League and, like Katalinski, he has the habit of popping up to score decisive goals. In the dressing-room, he sings, he shouts, he generally spreads good cheer.

The 20-year-old Rocheteau meanwhile goes from strength to strength, and may well have been a success still earlier were it not for a catalogue of injuries last season which put him out for seven months, varying from a cartilage operation to tendinitis.

Yet it is widely felt that the best footballer in France is not, in fact, a Saint Etienne man, but Jean-Marc Guillous, having his first season with Nice, after all those long and often very frustrating years with Angers. He is 30 now, having had to wait till the age of 29 till at last his elegant midfield skills were employed by the French international team. Not that it ever seemed to worry this modest man. "Please stop talking about me for the French team," he used to tell journalists. "If I'm not chosen, it is without doubt because they don't need me, and there's no point in making a Press campaign about it."

The old Yugoslavia stopper, Markovic, now manager of Nice, is happy as a sandboy with Guillous this season, saying that he is "an example on every level". So much for those who are still strangely given to criticising this gifted footballer. And for those who prate of the dangers of freedom of contract, perhaps using Guillous as an example, let it be said that he fought like a lion last season to keep the weak Angers team in the top division, and would certainly have stayed with them had he succeeded, even though his contract was at an end; and even though, let it be said, he took such a long time to establish himself, even there.

In fact Jean-March still, when he can, goes to watch Angers play; so much for those who believe that there is no sentiment in football. Jean-Noel Huck, another French international midfield man, also a member of the Nice side, says that it is a joy to play beside so outstanding a footballer as Guillous, while his presence has obviously made all the difference in the world to another international, Roger Jouve. He also hits it off very well with the other new Nice star, Josip Katalinski, who has become his regular opponent at . . . draughts. At 30, he still quite clearly has splendid years ahead of him.

World Youth Cup needed like a hole in the head

GENTLEMEN, OUR friend Havelange has his World Youth Cup: alas. There are fears that he will have his shiny new building in Zurich, whether or not it is truly necessary. He may yet force Communist China into FIFA at the expense of Taiwan. He has not, thank Heavens, managed to impose his fatuously grandiose "aid to the underdeveloped football countries" plan on the game, untrimmed and undiminished. The World Youth Cup Finals will take place in 1977 in Tunis and the game needs it, if one may borrow the Americanism, like a hole in the head.

In the first place, do we really want to subject players under the age of 19 to such potential pressure? True, there already exists a so called Little World Cup, which is in fact the journalese misnomer for the European Youth Championship, a competition which has now been played for the best part of 30 years.

It is true that much significance is placed on this tournament, whose finals are usually played about May on the territory of one of the surviving 16 clubs; but it is strictly relative. In Britain at least, no major reputation was ever made in the Youth Championship; and do not forget that, more often than not, England are the winners.

The example of Alan Curbishley may be relevant, here. Together with Butch Wilkins, the present captain of Chelsea, he was one of the key players, at mid-field inside-forward, in the success of the England team in Switzerland, last year. Yet no one had "really" heard of him until his debut for West Ham United, against Newcastle United at Upton Park, chanced to coincide with the televised Match of the Day. His splendid passes and finishing were then seen by millions of viewers, and Curbishley had arrived.

A so called World Cup for Youth is, by very definition, something quite different. It will almost inevitably be given a false significance; and I say that in the knowledge that England probably have a better chance than anybody of winning it. Long years of irony must surely have convinced us by now that what happens at this level of football is of purely relative importance; if not, England would have dominated the European Championships as they have dominated the European Youth Tournament. The truth is that our players, while splendidly equipped to win at youth level, are swiftly caught and even passed by the time they are seniors.

The reason for this must be a matter for some speculation, though clearly it has much to do with the fact that our players mature more quickly physically; at least to the extent that they have more stamina and strength as youth footballers. By the time full international level is reached, the depressing truth is that their foreign opponents, even if they cannot run for as long and tackle as hard, have learned ways of outwitting us. They are technically much more adroit, they are tactically more subtle.

The physical force and durability of English players has long been the envy of the Italians, who have managed to convince themselves that such physical prowess is beyond them, but when it comes to a match between English and Italian teams, the English are as often as not left writhing in the coils of *catenaccio* while the Italians, as we saw when they won at Wembley a couple of seasons ago, and again when Fiorentina recently beat West Ham in the Anglo-Italian Cupwinners' game at Upton Park, are formidably capable of scoring on the counterattack.

Exposed

It is perfectly true that 17, 18 and 19 years olds increasingly find places in the first teams of major League clubs throughout the world, and even figure at times in full international football, but that is a very different matter from being exposed, in what is wholly a youth team, to the immense pressures and publicity associated with a world football tournament.

One must further deplore the fact that so many youth players will inevitably have to play more and more taxing matches. It is alarming that extra physical and phychological demands must be made on players who are already under such a taxing regimen. Though there is always a Pelé to stand as the exception that proves the rule, it is by and large true that the younger a player starts nowadays, the earlier he is likely to finish.

Just how the great clubs will feel about the exigencies of this world youth tournament remains to be seen; but I think I can guess. There was a significant straw in the wind when Fiorentina, the Florence club, informed the organisers of this year's Viareggio tournament that, for the first time, they would not be entering their youth team; and Viareggio is on the Tuscan coast, the Margate — or, if you prefer it, the Southend — of Florence!

Adequate side

The reason Fiorentina gave was that they could not be sure of fielding an adequate side; and the implication is clearly that they would need their best youth players for the Championship team.

Now that the European — which comprises the British — season runs longer and longer, the fact that the Tunisian tournament will probably take place in the early summer is of doubtful relevance. A player such as Alan Curbishley, for example, widely expected to become a key figure in West Ham's team this year, is still young enough to be an England youth player.

There is, overall, much too much football, much too much competition. Grandiose is as grandiose does, but I do wish Senhor Havelange would simply get down to the basics of world football, instead of trying to foist upon it half-baked, ill conceived schemes which it can well do without.

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

FREEDOM OF CONTRACT continues to exercise professional football, not least in England. Having, elsewhere, had some rather harsh things to say about the Monte Carlo Round Table, I shall now proceed to quote with approval the words of one of its moving spirits, M. Jacques Ferran, on the subject of freedom of contract for players.

Writing in *France Football*, best of all football magazines (even though it recently congratulated poor Eddie Hapgood on achieving his 65th birthday, two years after he had died) he said: "The limited-time contract remains, in our view, a clear achievement of our football ... Nothing was more immoral than the old theory of the old theory of a player belonging to a club for life. The new contract is not a panacea but an inevitable step, and has to be accommodated."

Quite true. Ludicrously exaggerated fears have been expressed by our managers and administrators, who should know far better. They should realise, for one thing, that such contracts cut both ways; that most players are as anxious for security as the clubs are to keep their players.

Footballer of the year

OLEG BLOKHIN, by the astonishing margin of 80 votes, recently became European Footballer of the Year in the annual *France Football* poll.

All credit to a splendidly gifted forward, son of a mother who was 80 metres hurdles champion of Russia; but how strange that his gifted fellow striker, another left footer, Onishenko, didn't get a single vote!

Both with Kiev and Russia, Onishenko, as *France Football* was at pains to point out, has been a splendid foil to Blokhin; if you wish, a Wise to his Morecambe ...

Only two British players, ominously and most properly, managed to gather any votes — if you count Don Givens of Queens Park Rangers as Irish. They were Colin Todd, who came 9th with 12 votes, and, rather surprisingly, Peter Lorimer, 11th with 9 votes, finishing as high as second on the Spanish critic's list of five. I think Lorimer an excellent player, but I don't think I would make him the second best footballer in Britain, though Todd has considerable claims to being the first.

And now, let us hope 1976 will belong to Lorimer's club mate, the vastly gifted Duncan McKenzie who is, hallelujah, a superbly unorthodox player who doesn't come from a problem family or a broken home, has no drinking or gambling problem. *Rara avis* indeed!

Joao Havelange, President of FIFA.

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INDEPENDIENTE OUT IN DISGRACE

INDEPENDIENTE of Argentina, the Libertadores Cup holders, left Mexico in disgrace after losing the first two matches of their tour by 2-0 against a Mexican selection and 3-1 against a Jalisco selection although they had two players sent off in the latter match.

Their remaining two rivals, Leon and Monterrey, cancelled their scheduled matches, calling Independiente's performances a fraud against the paying public while the press accused them of coming to Mexico merely as tourists.

Independiente's coach, Pedro Dallacha, blamed the club's management for sending the players on tour right after a long and arduous league season without giving them a holiday . . . and he was right (specially as Independiente have a reputation to keep up as South American club champions).

RIVER PLATE: 18 YEARS WITHOUT A TITLE, THEN TWO AT ONCE

THE ARGENTINE national championship has its usual grandstand finish this season — and it was fit for fiction.

Reinaldo, first left out to make room for Gozalez's return and then brought on in place of winger Mas 25 minutes from the end, headed the winner in the last minute to give River Plate a 2-1 victory over Rosario Central . . . and the national title to add to the Metropolitan First Division won earlier in the season. Up to then River Plate were heading for a play-off with Estudiantes who were beating Temperley 2-0 to make up a one-point deficit in the final round table.

Reinaldi had also scored the goal in the vital 1-0 victory over Estudiantes the previous week. After beating River Plate in three matches and drawing the other of four meetings this season, Estudiantes could not win the vital one to open up an unbeatable three point lead in the table, because they were made to do something they couldn't — attack and break up a retreating defensive team which relied on counter-attacking.

This was Estudiantes' game and River Plate played it to win 1-0 as Estudiantes themselves had so often done against better footballing sides. River Plate's tactics won that match, but it could still have gone either way — as could the title. In the first five minutes Estudiantes brought Fillol to two magnificent saves, then Galletti hit a post and shortly after half-time Lopez hit a post from the penalty spot.

Defending champions San Lorenzo had a chance of reaching second place with Estudiantes (if the latter had lost) which would have given them a chance to play off for a spot in the Libertadores Cup. They easily beat Gimnasia (Jujuy) 3-0 with two goals from Hector Scotta who brought his total to a record 60 for the year (32 in the Metro and 28 in the national) which is 55 per cent of San Lorenzo's 108 goals during the season. He was followed way behind in the scorers table by Kempes (Rosario Central) 35, Alonso (River Plate) 25, Brindisi (Huracan) 25 and Galletti (Estudiantes) 25.

This still doesn't compare with Erico's 38-year-old First Division record of 47 goals for Independiente as only 34 matches were played then, but Scotta's overall total is likely to stand for a long time, because clubs are not going to play as many as 61 league games (38 First Division and 23 national championship) in future.

Next season's Metropolitan First Division will have two more clubs (22) as there was no relegation this season, but it will be played in two sections and after that the Argentine FA plans to reduce the number of First Division clubs again . . . but back to 1975 and River Plate.

River Plate are only the second team to complete the "double" of winning the Metropolitan First Division and national title in the same season since the latter championship was started in 1967 (San Lorenzo did it in 1972) and this took their total of titles since the 1930 start of pro soccer here to 14. In spite of that lean spell of 18 years which ended this season, they are still the club with most championships, followed by Boca Juniors with 12.

They deserve the title of team of the year for playing all-out attacking soccer from the start which brought them 126 goals in 61 matches. Alonso's soccer sense, goalkeeper Fillol's security, Lopez's capacity for hard work and Morete's goals in the Metro (he was then sold to Las Palmas (Spain) but well replaced by Luque) helped most to put the team a cut above the mediocre standard of the rest . . . and River Plate's popular success helped increase gates all round and brought them 28,000 new members (taking the total membership to 85,000).

Although a players' strike almost dashed their hopes at the end of the Metro, a bunch of lower division youngsters won the vital match and a gate record was set even though the "stars" were absent.

Otherwise, in this season which was interrupted twice by referees' strikes (apart from the players' strike), Huracan played some good soccer to finish second in the Metro and just fail to reach the national final round; Boca Juniors were erratic and the revelation were newly promoted Union and Temperley. The former, after buying a whole new team, were third in the Metro under coach Juan Carlos Lorenzo (now moved to Boca), while Temperley, bottom in the Metro but playing better than their position, came into their own in the national to reach the final round.

Estudiantes, who bought wisely at the start of the season and whom I fancied as strong candidates, did well with a fifth place in the Metro and a second in the national, but playing a "game" which got results, nothing more.

Defence and counter-attack was the most prominent tactic, but there were plenty of goals (over three per game) and thrills. But although good soccer generally gets goals, it doesn't necessarily mean that lots of goals come from good soccer . . . and it wasn't the case in 1975 when only one name was on most people's lips — River Plate.

NEW LAWS CAUSE PROBLEMS IN URUGUAY, Nacional, who already made sure of the new Uruguayan major league title two weeks before the end of the championship, are considered to be the country's youngest ever champions with an average age of 22 and they, like the rest of Uruguayan soccer — I mentioned in last month's WORLD SOCCER that all major league teams were exceedingly young — are looking optimistically to the future.

The process started back in 1973 when the purchase of foreign players was banned and cash was short even for local transfers so that clubs had to look to their own lower divisions.

While Nacional took the title deservedly in spite of losing their last two matches which didn't matter, River Plate finished as top scorers with 36 goals in 18 games.

Fernando Morena (Peñarol) was top scorer with 11 (in spite of missing several games), followed by Victorino (River Plate) with 10.

At press time, Nacional, Liverpool, Peñarol, River Plate, Danubio and Hurcan Buceo, who filled the top six places in the major league, were playing off for two places in this year's Libertadores Cup.

IN COLOMBIA a new total gate record of 713,800 dollars was set for the 30 matches of the six-team professional league final round from which winners Independiente Santa Fe and second placed Millionarios (both from Bogota) go into the Libertadores Cup.

Millionairios shared second place with Deportivo Cali but enter by virtue of having won the season's opening championship.

Brazil head international chart again

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

BRAZIL AGAIN had the best international record last year of the 10 countries affiliated to the South American Football Confederation even though they played all their six matches in the South American Championship with a team picked only from Minas Gerais state clubs — mostly Cruzeiro (Bello Horizonte).

In spite of this they would probably have won the South American title if it had not been for a lucky draw — and not the kind you obtain on the football field either.

In the semi-finals against eventual champions Peru they lost the home leg and then won away to tie on points and goals, but instead of a third match (as was played in the Peru v Colombia final), cards were drawn and Peru picked the right one to go into the finals — a lamentable way of deciding such an important tournament.

Provincial team

Brazil's most important victories came in the qualifying group against Argentina whom they beat 2-1 at home and 1-0 away, but Argentina also fielded a provincial team picked from four First Division clubs in the province of Santa Fe.

In fact, a question mark also remained over Argentina's real international strength as they then played three further matches in a tournament in Mexico, again represented by a provincial selection. This left only one match last year which they played with anything like a full national team . . . and they beat Uruguay 3-2 in Montevideo (which they hadn't managed to do for a long time).

Uruguay picked a virtually new squad this year and experimented with a lot of players. They were also beaten by Paraguay at home for the first time in many years and then just weren't good enough to defend their South American title — won when the tournament was last held in Montevideo in 1967 — and went out to Colombia in the semi-finals into which they had received a bye.

Free for all

Uruguay's only success was in beating Chile for the Pinto Duran Cup, home and away, but they were leading 3-1 in the latter leg when a free for all among the players ended in 19 being sent off . . . which must be a world record.

Peru, helped by that "lucky draw" against Brazil, won the South American title which was played for the first time in qualifying groups (home and away), on the lines of the European Nations' Cup, instead of in one country.

The new champions, who won the title only for the second time, lined up such stalwarts as Chumpitaz, Melendez, Ramirez, Cubillas and Rojas in a fairly settled team although Peruvian pro soccer is facing a financial crisis, but their over-all 1975 record was spoilt by two surprise defeats in warm up games — one by 6-0 — against weak Ecuador.

Colombia were the other surprise finalists, playing all their nine matches in the South American Championship. In fact Colombia were the only country to win all their qualifying group games and also the only one with all matches won at home (and no goals against) during 1975.

Only 35 matches were played by the 10 countries and 24 of these were in the South American Championship . . . and apart from Brazil and Argentina not showing their real potential (as explained), nor did South American soccer as a whole. No matches were played against countries outside the American continent.

This year it may be different. Apart from the newly reorganised Atalantic Cup between Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay and Argentina (from February to June) in which the four countries will also be playing for traditional individual cups between them, Argentina is trying to organise a tour to Europe again — they cancelled last year's at the last moment — and other strong countries might follow suit.

RECORDS OF SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES DURING 1975

		Home					Away					Total					
	P	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	W	D	L	F	A	%
Brazil	6	2	0	1	9	4	3	0	0	7	0	5	0	1	16	4	83
Argentina	8	1	0	1	11	1	4	1	1	18	6	5	1	2	29	7	69
Colombia	9	4	0	0	7	0	2	0	3	4	5	6	0	3	11	5	67
Peru	12	3	0	1	8	4	3	1	3	6	10	6	1	4	14	14	60
Uruguay	7	2	0	2	4	4	2	0	1	4	4	4	0	3	8	8	57
Ecuador	6	2	1	1	10	5	0	0	2	1	5	2	1	3	11	10	42
Paraguay	7	1	0	2	3	3	1	1	2	3	5	2	1	4	6	8	36
Chile	6	1	1	1	6	4	0	0	3	2	6	1	1	4	8	10	25
Bolivia	4	1	0	1	2	2	0	0	2	1	7	1	0	3	3	9	25
Venezuela	4	0	0	2	1	9	0	0	2	0	17	0	0	4	1	26	x

Keir Radnedge traces the career of the

EDSON AR
do NASCIM

THE GREATEST . . . the king . . . fantastic . . . supernatural . . . in a class all his own. These and a myriad more are the adjectives used vainly to try to tie down in words the supreme talent of Edson Arantes do Nascimento — Pele.

But in all the brouhaha over his emergence from retirement to play for New York Cosmos, amid all the publicity, all the dollar signs, Pele's achievements have almost been lost in the rush.

The superlatives go on — the facts become shrouded in legend. So let's consider just how a boy born in the poverty-line mining village of Tres Coracoes, in the Brazilian state of Minas Gerais, swept to such a pinnacle of fame.

Tres Coracoes, the name means Three Hearts, wasn't the Nascimento home for very long. Pele was born there, in the dishevelled little Third Street which later bought for the poor of the village, on October 21, 1940. But four years later his father, Joao Ramos Nascimento, took his family to the town of Bauru, not far from Brazil's largest port — Santos.

It was here that Pele's father — Dondinho as he was known before a knee injury ended his hopes of making the grade in soccer — renewed his acquaintance with one of Brazil's pre-war greats, Waldemar de Brito.

De Brito had played inside right for Sao Paulo FC and also for the Brazilian team beaten 3-1 by Spain in Genoa in the 1934 World Cup. Now he was coaching the juniors of Club Atletico Bauru in his spare time, working day-by-day in the local council offices. He wasn't too happy in Bauru either. He wanted to return to Sao Paulo. The advent of Pele into his life helped him achieve that transfer.

Pele — the nickname means "urchin" — learned his football on the streets, kicking a bundle of socks around. At 13, his father enrolled him with the Noroeste youth team and a year later — after hitting nine goals in an 11-0 win — de Brito took him on. It was at Bauru that Pele enjoyed his first pay day, when the youth team won a local championship, and the delighted fans tossed coins onto the pitch.

Already it was clear that Pele was something special. He hadn't risen through the kids' league on the Copacabana beach at Rio, he was a product of the townships, a typical example of the way football could — and still does in many countries — provide the only possible stepping stone to a fortune for the boys from the shanty homes.

Pele's ambition, his dream, was to be an airline pilot. But already de Brito was convinced his future lay in soccer and he confided in Dondinho that he wanted to recommend Pele to Santos. Pele himself was mildly put out — he'd always fancied pulling on the Vasco da Gama jersey. Dondinho had different ideas again. What about Flamengo (another Rio club), he wondered? Pele's mother, meanwhile, was horrified at the whole concept.

But it was probably the fact that with Santos he would be near home which turned the argument in de Brito's favour.

Brandishing

Now he went to an old friend, Athie Jorge Couri. This man was not only highly placed in the state government, he was also president of Santos, a club with whom he had played when they won their first Sao Paulo championship back in 1935.

"If you can get me moved to Sao Paulo from my job in Bauru", offered de Brito, "then I can make sure that Santos get a boy who's going to be the greatest footballer in Brazil."

It was a deal. But first Couri sent a scout to watch the new boy wonder. It took just 35 minutes for him to make up his mind. At that point the scout, brandishing pen and paper, raced across the pitch, holding up the game while Pele signed.

It wasn't a proper contract — after all, he was still only 14. But it was an option and at 15 Pele moved from Bauru to join the Santos youth set-up. His arrival coincided with the club's first Sao Paulo league title since 1935, won thanks to the guiding skill of a veteran of Brazil's 1950 World Cup team, Jair da Rosa.

Next season they won the championship again, and this time Pele was in the first team!

He had arrived at Santos as more of a midfield player than we think of him today. But in his first match with the senior side, a friendly, he was told to play well forward and responded with four goals in a 6-2 win. Next came his first major club international, against the touring AIK Stockholm and then his league debut on September 7, 1956, as second half substitute in a 7-1 win over Santo Andre.

Pele didn't score, but his place was assured and from then on, the goals, both for Santos and Brazil, flowed like water.

Within months he was the world's youngest-ever international. First he came on, quarter of an hour from the end, as Brazil went down 1-0 to Argentina in a Copa Roca match in Rio's 200,000-capacity Maracana stadium. Then, in the return, he not only started the match but scored the first goal in Brazil's 2-0 win. Pele had arrived!

Jair retired, but Santos, with their new goal-scoring wonder, didn't miss him. In 1957 they topped the league again and Pele was top scorer with 36 goals. Club and player repeated the feat in 1958. This time Pele's 53 goals broke a 30-year record, despite a knee injury which at one time threatened to cost him a first trip to Europe.

That trip was for the 1958 World Cup in Sweden — the setting for a great Brazil team to display its great players — and none greater than Pele.

He missed the first two matches — a 3-0 win against Austria, and a 0-0 draw in England. Manager Vicente Feola was concerned about that right knee and also didn't want to tire his secret weapon. But the England disappointment was too much. Changes were needed.

In on the right wing came the "little bird" — Garrincha, and in at inside left was this 17-year-old negro with the close-cropped hair.

Brazil beat Russia 2-0 to qualify for the quarter-finals; where a Pele goal was enough to beat Wales. Into the semi-finals and France — hindered by an injury to centre half Bob Jonquet — were mercilessly crushed 5-2. Pele hit a hat-trick. Could he repeat his brilliance in the final, or would the Brazilians' nerve fail at the last hurdle, as in 1950?

Nils Liedholm put hosts Sweden ahead after five minutes; Vava scored twice to make it 2-1 by the interval. It was then, with the game hanging precariously in

greatest name in world football

ANTES
ENTO

the balance, that Pele scored one of the greatest goals in the history of soccer. With his back to goal he caught a cross on one thigh, flicked it up in the air, touched it back with his head and spun round to volley home. All in a split second. Sweden — and the watching soccer world — were stunned.

Mario Zagalo made it 4-1, Agne Simonsson pulled one back, and yet it was Pele bringing the world championship to a climax with a header from Zagala's cross in the closing stages. Brazil had won 5-2. World champions at last.

As the teams lined up for the national anthems and the presentations Pele broke down in tears on goalkeeper Gylmar's shoulder. The boy they thought had no nerves was human after all, and later he admitted what no one would have guessed: "Before that game I was shaking like a leaf."

On his return home Pele was surrounded with rumours that half a dozen leading Spanish and Italian clubs were falling over themselves with offers. Santos were deluged with requests by anxious fans to make sure Pele stayed in Brazil, and so he gained a new contract worth £500 a week, wealthy admirers loaded him with gifts — a yacht and a mansion among them — and Pele went serenely on, scoring goals.

Lucrative

Santos were Sao Paulo champions again — this time with 46 goals. During that year he also scored 11 for Brazil, 14 for the Brazilian army while on national service, eight in various international tournaments, and another 46 in international club friendlies.

Santos themselves totalled 342 goals in 100 games — 151 in the championship. These are the kind of statistics to make a computer reel. In 1960 Santos took the league title once more and the international friendly circuit grew steadily larger and more lucrative. Pele scored 168 goals this year — a staggering 74 in the league and cup games and — playing 120 games for club and country — sustained his incredible form at a rate of more than two games a week!

This was phenomenal. People started predicting that he would soon blow himself out, that as quickly as he had risen, so he would vanish. But no. The machine thundered on into 1961, even though back trouble laid him out for three weeks. Santos took Europe by storm, with a scintillating grand tour in which they played 19 games, won 14, and lost only two. In the middle of it they slaughtered new European champions Benfica 6-3 in Paris, in the Racing Club tournament.

They were like a whirlwind. Pele was the star, of course, but he was surrounded by more wonderful players. The brilliant young centre forward Coutinho with whom he dovetailed so excitingly, the hard-shooting left-winger Pepe, the powerful midfield man Zito, a superb goalkeeper in Gylmar, and rock-like centre back in Mauro, destined to be Brazil's 1962 World Cup captain.

And with all the success on the pitch came riches off it. Santos could demand a £10,000 match guarantee, but . . . Pele *had* to play. All the pressure fell on his shoulders, yet he just revelled in it. The greater the pressure, the more wonderful his football, his feints, tricks, dribbles, shots. He signed a £50,000 contract for a film of his life, and was hounded by fans wherever he went.

That caused problems, of course. "Let my son live", appealed his mother after Pele explained the embarrassment of fame.

"I don't know where I am. I'm almost afraid to go out. Everywhere I am recognised. People make too much fuss. If I leave my car and go back I find it has been identified and I have to struggle to get to it. When I travel I sometimes have to lock myself in my room or secretly change hotels. I would like to go to Church but I c anot stand being admired. It is painful anywhere, but in Church it is torture. I'm bombarded with begging letters and with requests to be a godfather. Every day brings at least one proposal of marriage."

Santos won the Sao Paulo championship again in 1961 and this time were successful in winning the Brazilian Cup too. This was the competition between the top teams of Rio and Sao Paulo to decide the overall champions — and vic-

● Continued overleaf

PELE

continued from previous page

tory meant qualification for the Taça dos Libertadores, the South American competition for champion clubs.

The year 1962 saw Santos' golden jubilee, and they made a financial killing. Towards the end of it they were earning up to £20,000 for a friendly — all dependant of course on Pele.

It wasn't all sweetness and light. Pele suffered a recurrence of that knee injury in the spring and missed a large chunk of Santos' European tour, including the Paris tournament where Santos shuffled uneasily into fourth — and last — place, beaten 1-0 by Red Star Belgrade and 3-2 by Racing Club de Paris.

The World Cup too, brought personal disappointment. Brazil won the title again, but without Pele. He played the first game in Chile, a 2-0 win against Mexico, made one goal for Zagalo and scored the second himself, after a lazy dribble past five men. But he tore a muscle shooting in the 0-0 draw with Czechoslovakia. After one match and 25 minutes he limped out of the World Cup.

In the Libertadores Cup, Santos easily outpaced Municipal La Paz (Bolivia), Cerro Porteno (Paraguay) and Universidad Catolica (Chile). But then they faced Peñarol of Uruguay, defending world and South American champions, in the two-leg final.

And Pele still hadn't recovered from his World Cup injury. Santos won 2-1 in Maracana, then lost 3-2 in a riot of a play-off in Montevideo. There had to be a play-off in Buenos Aires and thankfully, Pele was there to make the first goal for Coutinho and score a second himself.

Next came Benfica, in the world club final. The first leg was played in Maracana. Pele opened the scoring after 32 minutes, but little Joaquim Santana equalised for the breakaway Portuguese early in the second. This was sacrilege! Pele replied, Coutinho got a third, and Santana made it 3-2 just before the end.

At that time goal aggregate didn't count in the competition. It was to be decided on points, and the narrow first-leg score encouraged the Portuguese to think they could win both the return and the play-off. Little did they know!

Pele warmed up for the return by scoring twice in the league against Noroeste, bringing his career total in top games to 500, and then proceeded to take Benfica apart in front of 70,000 of their own fans.

After just seven minutes he sent Pepe down the left and stabbed home the return. A little later he turned three defenders inside out to score a second. It was beautiful, it was ruthless. In the second half Pele made another for Coutinho, then completed his hat-trick with a wonderful solo. Pepe added a fifth. Eusebio and Santana scored consolations — 5-2, Santos were most worthy world champions.

Santos took the Sao Paulo title again and the Brazilian Cup — all thanks to the inspiration of a man who no longer needed to play football for the money, but just for the enjoyment. Pele was self-sufficient. He owned a business jointly with Zito, he owned land, hotels, apartments, farms . . . later would come a radio station too.

A personal appearance could land him £2,000. But one form of advertising Pele has always turned down — tobacco and alcohol. His image was good to sell anything — from bicycles to beds, even though 1962 was the year which saw him sent off the first time. The occasion was the Brazilian Cup semi-final with America FC. Pele had hit three as Santos won the first leg 5-1, but the return they lost 1-0; off he went for insulting the referee. No mistake in the play-off: Santos won 6-1, Pele got two, and that meant a meeting with Botafogo of Rio in the final.

And here, for virtually the first time, Pele was marked out of a game. The "offender" was Nilton Santos, one of Brazil's greatest-ever defenders, and his efforts meant that Santos were beaten 4-3 in the first leg.

Tactical

Botafogo planned a tactical repeat for the return. But Santos were ready for them. Expecting Pele to be tightly marked, they virtually ignored him for the whole game. Botafogo were nonplussed. Santos won 3-1 and swept through the play-off 5-0. But the Stop Pele brigade were growing — and a series of men were deployed by the European nations for Brazil's disappointing 1963 tour.

First Portugal's Vicente marked Pele superbly in Lisbon; then West Germany's Willi Schulz managed only a ham-fisted job and Brazil won 2-1; finally Giovanni Trapattoni did an outstanding job for Italy. Pele just could not get a kick in Milan's San Siro, and was substituted before half time!

Perhaps his mind was elsewhere, certainly he had been niggled by injuries and taken on a new responsibility by marrying a teacher's daughter, Rosemarie, a fan of Santos' rivals, Corinthians of Sao Paulo.

Brazil went home, Santos returned to Europe, with disastrous results. They went down 2-0 to Internazionale Milan, and 4-0 to new European champions, AC Milan. Trapattoni did his usual job as excellently as ever and Pele was barely noticed.

It was hardly a promising omen for the world club cup final which matched the two teams in the autumn of 1963 after Santos had overcome Botafogo (4-0, 1-1) and Boca Juniors (3-2, 2-1) to win the South American club championship again.

They were looking more confident now, though cruising through the second leg against the Argentinians with Pele scoring the 82nd-minute winner. And despite the attentions of Trapattoni he got two more — one from a late penalty — as Santos went down 4-2 in Milan.

That thigh muscle injury kept Pele out of the return in Rio. He can't have been sorry to miss two vicious games in which Santos kept their world title thanks to a 1-0 win in a play-off.

Santos, in a fit of pique, refused Pele permission to play in the England - Rest of the World game at Wembley. A lot of good it did them. The same day they were beaten 3-2 in the league by Portuguese, and Pele and his right winger Dorval came to blows as they walked from the pitch.

Dorval was immediately sold to Racing Buenos Aires and there were rumours once again that Pele might follow his erstwhile deputy, Nene, and join Italy's Juventus.

Once again the rumours subsided as Pele recovered his aplomb, hitting his 500th goal in Brazil in what was his 420th game, against the club who raised him — Bauru!

Santos had won the Sao Paulo championship for a record ninth time in 12 years, as well as the Brazilian Cup and to a mixed year Pele had contributed 73 goals to Santos' 106 games.

More and more clubs, though, were starting to get the message that the way to stop the Santos artists was to kick Pele out of the game. Independiente of Argentina beat Santos 4-1 in a friendly and then Peñarol repeated the trick 5-0. Pele flew home from Uruguay alone amid rumours of transfers. Corinthians put in a £400,000 bid, but after weeks of negotiations Pele signed again with Santos — for £20,000 plus a £30,000 hotel.

Scintillating

Next on his wearying schedule came the Little World Cup, organised by Brazil, and involving England, Portugal and Argentina. Pele was scintillating against England, inspiring a 5-1 win. But the Argentinians, cynical as ever, were determined to stop him. They sent out a defender, Messiano, masquerading as an outside left, to follow Pele everywhere and finally Pele lost his temper, butting Messiano in the face with his elbow. Messiano was carried off with a broken nose, a contrite Pele virtually vanished from the game, and Argentina won 1-0.

In the Libertadores Cup too, the Argentinians were taking over — Independiente beating Santos 3-2 at home and 2-1 away in the semi-finals. Santos' reign as world champions was well and truly over. They even lost their Sao Paulo crown, finishing fourth. Injury kept Pele out for weeks, but late in the season he stormed back, hitting five goals in one

game and eight in another to finish top scorer with 34 goals. Santos went on to win the Brazilian Cup and then took both titles in 1965, Pele scoring 107 goals as the globe-trotting profiteering went on inbetween.

Now he had totalled 804 in his career and fans were wondering whether he would make the magic 1,000. There were plenty of doubters. His right knee was causing more trouble and his temper was shortening. He was sent off yet again. This time against Botafogo (though it was the referee who was later suspended).

The Brazilian FA's decision to withdraw from the Libertadores Cup in protest at a new formula for the competition meant that Santos had no chance to regain their world title, and Brazil's crown went tumbling in 1966 when Pele was horrifically kicked out of the World Cup by Bulgaria and Portugal.

A new £50,000 contract with Santos was some consolation, but Pele vowed never to play in the World Cup Finals again . . .

As Brazil staggered to rebuild for the 1970 World Cup, so Santos won the Sao Paulo league in 1967, 1968 — Pele contributing a modest 38 goals — and 1969. And it was November 19 of that latter year which saw an event all Brazil had long awaited: Pele's 1,000th goal.

The opponents were Vasco da Gama in Maracana and 75,000 fans saw Pele reach four figures from the penalty spot after being brought down with 15 minutes to go.

The 1,000 were made up thus: 68 for Brazil; seven in the new championship; 426 in the league; 14 for the Brazilian army; 107 in international competitions; 269 in international friendlies; 79 in Brazilian friendlies; 30 in the Brazilian Cup.

Five days later Santos played Atletico Belo Horizonte. Pele clashed with the goalkeeper . . . and was sent off. The new adulation, the refreshment of passing the 1,000 mark, had an effect not just on Pele but on world soccer, for it prompted him to rescind his decision never to play again in the World Cup.

Brazil went to Mexico in 1970 and there was never much doubt about the outcome once Pele showed he was in just the mood to crown his fabulous career by bringing Brazil the Jules Rimet trophy for keeps. Against Czechoslovakia — won 4-1 — he scored a marvellous goal, taking a cross on his chest and volleying home as it dropped.

Against England he was denied a goal by a wonderful Gordon Banks save, but made up by setting up the winner for Jarzinho. He scored two himself in the 3-2 win against Rumania and was in great form again in the 4-2 quarter-final victory over Peru.

Against Uruguay in the semi-final which Brazil won 2-1 he won a brilliant duel with goalkeeper Ladslao Mazurkiewicz and against Italy in the final he put Brazil one-up by heading Brazil's 100th World Cup goal. He made another for Jairzinho and before Italy knew where they were, Brazil were home and dry — 4-1.

It was perhaps his greatest triumph. Yet, even then, when he could have retired at the top and gone out in glory,

Pele — with Brazil's World Cup winning team of 1970.

he played on. In April, 1971, in Surinam of all places, he played his 1,000th game as a professional, 863 for Santos, and on the way back was granted a triumphal parade down the Champs Elysees in Paris.

Santos, since his advent, had topped 500 international friendlies, winning 350, but now the circus was becoming a bit of a sick joke. There was still Pele, of course, but backed now only by a couple of ageing Brazilian internationals and a smattering of veteran Argentinians.

Santos were no longer the team of all talents. Now they were little more than a club hurrying to cash in on the magic name before Pele called it a day. Time was running out. Pele announced in 1973 that he would give the 1974 World Cup a miss and retire a few months afterwards. The World Cup decision rocked Brazil.

Joao Havelange, now FIFA president and then head of the Brazilian sports confederation (CBD), appealed on television for Pele to think again. To no avail. Children mobbed him. To no avail.

"I know there are people who want me to return," Pele said the day after leading Santos to a fine 3-0 win over Botafogo. "But my answer is still the same — No.

Decision

"I spent several sleepless nights trying to arrive at this decision and I will not change my mind. Think of those who will play for Brazil, and trust them."

Certainly Brazil could have done with his flair to bring some life to their dull defensive performance in West Germany. Pele was there, but only on a promotional tour for Pepsi Cola and for the bank who employed him — at £75,000 — as a public relations officer.

Originally he had intended taking up a £140,000 contract to go to the finals as a television commentator until the Brazilian journalists' union protested.

Up to the last moment attempts were made to persuade him to play. Two Government ministers made personal appeals, a lawyer even tried to bring a case in the High Court in Brasilia, the capital, forcing Pele to play!

Pele received a replica of the original Jules Rimet trophy before the opening match of the World Cup, stayed to the end to see Brazil dethroned, and then returned to wind up his club career.

Santos, bitter at the thought of losing their star attraction, threatened that Pele would be compelled to play out the end of the year. Pele ignored them. He didn't need the money, all the soccer earnings of this humble and generous man had already been channelled direct into charity long since. He was asked if he would come back occasionally for exhibitions, replying: "It would not be wise. If I agreed to play once I would have to play 100 times. It is much better that I stay out for good."

So, on October, 1974, in Santos' own Vila Belmiro stadium (capacity a mere 30,000) Pele played ostensibly his last match. And not even a full game, at that. He knelt to kiss the pitch, then trotted a final circuit, tears streaming down his face, after just 21 minutes of the league match with Ponte Preta. He had scored 1,216 goals in 1,254 matches — 96 of those goals coming in his 111 internationals. Now it seemed, just the statistics were left . . .

. . . Until May of last year when New York Cosmos flew from New York to Santos to try to tempt him out of retirement. Their contract involved £3.6 million tax free, a private plane, a yacht, all for two-and-a-half years' football. Brazilian football fans were staggered that Pele, *their* Pele, should even consider the offer.

Many were outraged when, less than a month later, on June 10, Pele signed on the dotted line to agree to the multi-million dollar advertising and promotional deal negotiated with Warner Communications Corporation.

Not bad for the man whose Brazilian business interests were already worth £1½ million, yet who had been nearly bankrupted a few years before because of his advisers' bad advice.

"I was lucky all that happened when it did," he said later. "If it had happened at this time in my life (1974) there would have been no chance to make things up." This, I believe, is what we call in football "playing safe".

KEIR RADNEDGE presents the

ATLETICO MADRID DOSSIER

'CARET WORK

FROM 15th in the first division to the top of the table in just 13 matches. That's the astonishing unbeaten run — or escalada as they say in Spain — which established Atletico Madrid as favourites to rob surprised neighbours Real of their league title.

But the rise was even more impressive when you consider that 14 months ago Atletico, beaten after a replay in the Champions' Cup Final, knocked out of the UEFA Cup and struggling in the relegation zone, sacked their manager in favour of a player who, until then, had no practical experience of the job.

The man sacked on November 27, 1974, was the controversial Juan Carlos Lorenzo, bound for Union Santa Fe and now Boca Juniors, still complaining that Atletico wouldn't buy the players he wanted. His successor was midfield schemer Luis Aragones Suarez, better known as plain Luis.

It looked a desperation move: that Luis would see the season out as caretaker, then vanish into the shadows as a big name was brought in. Instead, Atletico won the World Club Cup — Luis was "chaired" by the fans — finished sixth in the league, and were beaten only on penalties by Real Madrid in the Cup Final after having slightly the better of an exciting 0-0 draw.

The scene was set for this, remarkable, season.

But to understand the magnitude of Luis's achievement, to understand the immense potential of a very new Atletico built on the "family" principle, to understand the vital contribution of two Brazilians, let's go right back to the start.

Athletic Club de Madrid were founded on April 26, 1903, as an affiliated offshoot of the Athletic Club of Bilbao. But it was 18 years before they achieved anything. In 1921, having thrown off the Bilbao yoke a dozen years earlier, the one Athletic faced the other in the final of the Spanish Cup. The Basques won 4-1, in Bilbao.

In 1926 Athletic Madrid were back, only to be beaten again — this time 3-2 by Barcelona in Valencia.

At least they had done enough to earn inclusion in the inaugural first division of the league in 1928-29. Ten clubs were involved, Barcelona took the title, Athletic finished sixth. Bilbao were top the next year, Athletic were bottom and were relegated, only returning in time for the 1934-35 season. They struggled to seventh. The next year Athletic finished 11th out of 12 and were — in theory — relegated.

I say in theory because at that point the Spanish Civil War broke out and when, in 1939, competition restarted, Athletic stayed in the first division to make up the numbers after Oviedo dropped out. Their ground had been destroyed in the war and they couldn't make ready in time.

Nor was it all plain sailing to Athletic — or Atletico Aviacion as they now were. Athletic had been forced to merge with the air force's Aviacion Club to stay solvent. But that hadn't blunted their ambition, even though so far they had been perpetually in the shadow of neighbours Real Madrid. Yet it took the leadership of a former Real player to help them spring the surprise of this first season back in action.

He was Ricardo Zamora, Spain's greatest goalkeeper, who rose to fame with Espanol anl ended his playing career in glory as Real beat Barcelona 2-1 in 1936 to win the Cup. Zamora was now out to make a career as a trainer and he couldn't have made a better start. Under his guidance Atletico won the league in 1939-40 and 1940-41 and then assumed their present identity — Club Atletico de Madrid — in time for the arrival of a headstrong, determined Argentina-born Frenchman who guided them back to the top in 1950 and 1951.

Boardroom war

This new manager was Helenio Herrera, later bound for greater success with Barcelona and Internazionale of Milan. He was blessed with a fine team all ready to be galvanised. In goal was the former Nice and France goalkeeper, Marcel Domingo, and starring in the forward line was the dusky Moroccan, Larbi Ben Barek. He was a man of wonderful skills but wayward temperament, and HH proved the only coach capable of harnessing that genius. Herrera also brought in his own man — Garvis Carlsson, the Swedish star who had impressed so many people at the 1948 Olympics.

There were plenty of Spanish internationals, too — full back Jose Riera, wing half Rafael Mujica, and wingers Jose Juncosa and Adrian Escudero. Later came another star winger in Miguel Gonzalez Perez, known simply as Miguel, and for many years club captain. There was even another Herrera — Heriberto, a Paraguayan stopper signed from Nacional of Asuncion, and who played once for Spain before going on to earn greater fame as a couch.

Herrera (Helenio) left in 1953. He had flown to Casablanca where his mother had just died, and returned to find that he was out of a job — the victim of a boardroo war in his absence.

After that all the honours flowed to t other side of the city. It was Real Madr who signed Alfredo di Stefano, Real wi won the Champions' Cup five years runnin and Real who had a wonderful new stadiu while Atletico soldiered on in the old, tat Metropolitano.

For the faithful, the successes of Re became more and more galling. Wh Atletico did reach the Cup Final in 19 It compounded all the insults to be beat 2-1 by Bilbao, of all people, in Real's sho piece Estadio Bernabeu.

But there was hope. Ferdinand Dauci the exiled Czechoslovak, uncle of Ladisl Kubala, and the man who had guid Barcelona to a great deal of success, w taken on as coach. From Hercules, Alicante, Atletico signed goalkeeper Migu Pazos, thrown out a year or two before t Real. Up through the youth teams came highly intelligent left winger named Enriq Collar and a tough inside left who scor goals named Joaquin Peiro — both futu internationals.

Another Madrid-born product was utili defender Alberto Callejo, yet another w wing half Antonio Gonzalez Alvarez, nic named Chuzo. He made his debut for Spa at just 18 in 1958 and later played wi great success at centre forward.

From Portugal came Jorge Mendon (Mendoza in Spain), an inside forward wi

Action from a Madrid derby

'TAKER' LUIS'S MIRACLE

later retired prematurely — some might say he was hounded out — when he became a Jehovah's Witness.

Atletico finished second in the league in 1958 and, under the rules then in force, were allowed into the Champions' Cup since title-holders Real had also won the league.

Atletico's directors knew that if they were to beat Real, they needed even more reinforcement. And so, immediately after the 1958 World Cup, they signed Edvaldo Izidio Neto, the hawk-nosed Brazilian centre forward better known as Vava. He was 24 when he left Vasco da Gama, signing a three-year contract, but strangely, during his time in Madrid, the only competition Atletico won was the contest for which he, as a foreigner, couldn't qualify — the Cup!

In the 1958-59 Champions' Cup Drumcondra were overwhelmed 8-0, 5-1 in the first round. CDNA Sofia went down 0-1, 3-1, Schalke were beaten 3-0, 1-1 in the quarter finals and then came the greatest test — Real Madrid, in the semi-finals. Daucik had gradually been introducing more youngsters. Feliciano Rivilla, discarded by Real, faced his old club in the semi-finals, and at left half Atletico included Isacio Calleja, later Rivilla's full back partner for club and country and who, as a qualified lawyer, did some fine work to improve the player's lot.

Real won 2-1 in Chamartin; a Collar goal levelled the aggregate in the Metripolitano. The play-off took place in Zaragoza's new La Romareda. Collar scored again, but by half-time it was all over — di Stefano and Ferenc Puskas had scored the goals which saw Real into their fourth final. Referee, incidentally, was Arthur Ellis.

— with Real beating Atletico 1-0.

Always there's some sort of drama attached to these matches between the eternal rivals. In the early 1950s Real winger Rafael Alsua punched a decisive goal; in Chamartin in 1960, Miguel had to go in goal after Pazos was sent off. He was beaten only by a Puskas penalty. But though Atletico had a spot kick too, Mendonça hit it wide of not only Bagur, but the post as well.

Atletico didn't have to wait long for revenge — just until the 1960 Cup Final. Real, after their thrashing of Eintracht Frankfurt, were hot favourites. Atletico's ex-Real manager, Jose Villalonga, decided to gamble on a boy first introduced by Daucik — 20-year-old inside right Adelardo Rodriguez Sanchez, called Adelardo. Remarkably he worked even Luis del Sol to a standstill. Real goalkeeper Rogelio Dominguez had an off day and Atletico won 3-1 — the first time they had won the Cup.

They retained the trophy in 1961, beating Real again in the final — this time by 3-2.

That was the key to a new door — the Cup-winners' Cup. And with it came new players. Vava went back to Brazil — to Palmeiras — and Miguel retired. But Adelardo was improving with every game; Peiro, shortly to join Torino, then Inter and Roma, was lethal in the penalty box; and Mendonça switched easily to centre forward. Another Brazilian, Ramiro, came in at right half and from Boca Juniors came Jorge Griffa, the most rugged of stoppers.

New stadium

Another Argentinian was goalkeeper Eduardo Madinabeytia, and with those men the keystone Atletico beat Fiorentina in a drab Hampden replay to win the Cup-winners' Cup. The next year they weren't so successful. In the final again, this time they faced Tottenham's "double" team reinforced by Jimmy Greaves, and were crushed 5-1. Collar scored their goal — from a penalty.

Atletico were now running into trouble off the pitch. In the late 1950s they'd decided to build their own new stadium on the banks of the Manzanares.

Now the project was foundering. There was dissension in the boardroom and pressure was building up from the developers who had agreed to buy the Metripolitano. A boardroom *putsch* settled all that, electing a new president, Vicente Calderon, himself a builder. Calderon decided there was no point trying to rush things. The team would have to look after itself for a while as the club sorted out its finances and the stadium. Calderon got building going again and arranged to borrow Real's Chamartin so that the Metropolitano could be sold and the books balanced.

Venegas of Atletico Madrid.

Meanwhile the team, with few changes, began to push for the championship. In 1964-65 they won sensationally, away to Real, to take over at the top of the table. Then, with three matches left, they faltered. Real went back to the top and stayed there. Atletico had to find their consolation in the Cup, beating Zaragoza 1-0 in the final.

Yet in the league they couldn't be denied for long. Unhappy with the terms of their loan of Chamartin, they begged back the use of the Metropolitano, still awaiting demolition, and it was in the old stadium that Atletico at last topped the league for the first time since 1951, putting their nose ahead with just one match to go.

Sabino Barinaga and Otto Bumbel had followed Villalonga in quick succession, now the coach was Domingo Balmanya, a pre-war star with Barcelona. One of the directors was so delighted with the victory that, at the end of the last match — a 2-0 win away to Espanol — he dived fully clothed under the showers to congratulate the team.

(*Continued next month*)

PAUL GARDNER from New York

Soccer televisio

SOCCER MEETINGS in New York used to be fragile, fleeting and rather futile affairs. They happened almost without warning. I would receive a telephone call in the afternoon to announce a meeting that evening. Off I would go, with conspiratorial tread, to some deservedly obscure restaurant or bar in an unfashionable part of the city.

Usually, the address would be wrong. I would have to decide whether 56 West 89th Street might not mean East 89th Street, or possibly 89 West 56th Street. Arriving half an hour late I would find that I was, in fact, right on time as the starting time had wrongly been given as well.

I would push through a tacky curtain or a rickety door at the back of the bar and join some half-dozen or so fellow plotters waiting for the major announcement, whatever it might be. It would be delivered in thickly European accents, and we would be given a sheet of paper containing details, ostensibly in English but invariably including interludes of quaint Teutonic grammar. We would make our notes, ask our questions, drink our drinks, argue over the bill, and go home and forget about the whole thing. None of it mattered very much in those far-off days.

In truth, it was only about a dozen years ago, but it seems immeasurably distant. Things have changed on the New York soccer scene. I now get decently, even lavishly, printed invitations or, the height of trendiness, mailgrams (the last one arrived two days after the event, but it's the thought that counts).

And no more dubious cafes and bars. The latest soccer gathering here was a joint effort organised by the North American Soccer League and the United States Soccer Federation at the Waldorf Hotel on Park Avenue — classier than which you cannot much get. No pushing through curtains, nothing but mirrors and chandeliers and carpets and elevators all the way to the glittering Jacob Astor Room where, believe it or not, over 100 people were gathered.

And such important people. Well-

EURO-CHART

West Ham United and Liverpool

LIVERPOOL IN EUROPE

1964-65 European Cup

Reykjavik 0 Liverpool 5, Liverpool 6 Reykjavik 1
Liverpool 3 Anderlecht 0, Anderlecht 0 Liverpool 1
Cologne 0 Liverpool 0, Liverpool 0 Cologne 0
play-off in Rotterdam: Liverpool 2 Cologne 2
(Liverpool won toss)
Liverpool 3 Internationale 1, Internationale 3 Liverpool 0

1965-66 Cup Winners Cup

Juventus 1 Liverpool 0, Liverpool 2 Juventus 0
Liverpool 3 Standard Liege 1, Standard 1 Liverpool 2
Honved 0 Liverpool 0, Liverpool 2 Honved 0
Celtic 1 Liverpool 0, Liverpool 2 Celtic 0
Final: Borussia Dortmund 2 Liverpool 1
(Hampden Park, Glasgow)

1966-67 European Cup

Liverpool 2 Petrolul Ploesti 0, Petrolul 3 Liverpool 1
play-off in Brussels: Liverpool 2 Petrolul Ploesti 0
Ajax 5 Liverpool 1, Liverpool 2 Ajax 2

1967-68 Fairs Cup

Malmo 0 Liverpool 2, Liverpool 2 Malmo 1
Liverpool 8 Munich 1860 0, Munich 1860 2 Liverpool 1
Ferencvaros 1 Liverpool 0, Liverpool 0 Ferencvaros 1

1968-69 Fairs Cup

Atletico Bilbao 2 Liverpool 1, Liverpool 2 Atletico Bilbao 1
(Bilbao won toss)

1969-70 Fairs Cup

Liverpool 10 Dundalk 0, Dundalk 0 Liverpool 4
Vitoria Setubal 1 Liverpool 0, Liverpool 3 Setubal 2
(Vitoria Setubal won on away goals)

1970-71 Fairs Cup

Liverpool 1 Ferencvaros 0, Ferencvaros 1 Liverpool 1
Liverpool 3 Dynamo Bucharest 0, Dynamo Bucharest 1
Liverpool 1
Hibernian 0 Liverpool 1, Liverpool 2 Hibernian 0
Liverpool 3 Bayern Munich 0, Bayern Munich 1 Liverpool 1
Liverpool 0 Leeds United 1, Leeds 0 Liverpool 0

1971-72 Cup Winners Cup

Servette 2 Liverpool 1, Liverpool 2 Servette 0
Liverpool 0 Bayern Munich 0, Bayern Munich 3 Liverpool 1

1972-73 UEFA Cup

Liverpool 2 Eintracht Frankfurt 0, Frankfurt 0 Liverpool 0
Liverpool 3 AEK Athens 0, AEK Athens 1 Liverpool 3
Dynamo Berlin 0 Liverpool 0, Liverpool 3 Dynamo Berlin 1
Liverpool 2 Dynamo Dresden 0, Dynamo Dresden 0
Liverpool 1
Liverpool 1 Tottenham Hospur 0, Tottenham 2 Liverpool 1
(Liverpool won on away goals)
Final: Liverpool 3 Borussia Moenchengladbach 0,
Borussia 2 Liverpool 0

1973-74 European Cup

Jeunesse D'Esch 1 Liverpool 1, Liverpool 2 Jeunesse 0
Red Star Belgrade 2 Liverpool 1, Liverpool 1 Red Star 2

1974-75 Cup Winners Cup

Liverpool 11 Stromsgodset 0, Stromsgodset 0 Liverpool 1
Liverpool 1 Ferencvaros 1, Ferencvaros 0 Liverpool 0
(Ferencvaros won on away goals rule)

1975-76 EUFA Cup

Hibernian 1 Liverpool 0, Liverpool 3 Hibernian 1
Real Sociedad 1 Liverpool 3, Liverpool 6 Real Sociedad 0
Slask Wroclaw 1 Liverpool 2, Liverpool 3 Slask Wroclaw 0

WEST HAM IN EUROPE

1964-65 Cup Winners Cup

La Gantoise 0 West Ham 1, West Ham 1 La Gantoise 1
West Ham 2 Spartak Prague 0, Spartak 2 West Ham 1
Lausanne 1 West Ham 2, West Ham 4 Lausanne 3
West Ham 2 Real Zaragoza 1, Zaragoza 1 West Ham 1
Final: West Ham 2 Munich 1860 0 (Wembley)

1965-66 Cup Winners Cup

West Ham 4 Olympiakos 0, Olympiakos 2 West Ham 2
West Ham 1 Magdeburg 0, Magdeburg 1 West Ham 1
West Ham 1 Borussia Dortmund 2, Dortmund 3 West Ham 1

LIVERPOOL F.C.

Founded: 1892 following a split of Everton F.C. who moved from Anfield to Goodison Park. Turned professional: 1892. Joined Football League Division Two: 1893. Subsequent honours: First Division champions: 1901, 1906, 1922, 1923, 1947, 1964, 1966, 1973 (share with Arsenal joint record of eight titles). F.A. Cup winners: 1965, 1974. UEFA Cup winners: 1973.

WEST HAM UNITED F.C.

Founded: 1895 as Thames Ironworks. Turned professional: 1898. Formation of West Ham United: 1900. Joined Football League Division Two: 1919. Subsequent honours: F.A. Cup winners: 1964, 1975. European Cup Winners Cup winners: 1965.

must attract
n companies

dressed and modish people who filled the room with an air of easily-worn affluence, people who were obviously used to this sort of milieu.

These were the representatives of American big business, gathered to take a look at soccer and to determine its potential as a business investment . . . gathered at the highly chic hour of 8.30 a.m. for a Marketing Breakfast. Corporations like General Cigar, Revlon, Timex, Sony, Xerox, Panasonic, RCA, Colgate-Palmolive, plus a sprinkling of impressive names from the Madison Avenue world of advertising agencies.

Not exactly, then, a meeting of soccer experts. No matter, everyone attending was presented with a press kit containing a slick spiral-bound book telling them virtually everything they would want to know about soccer. Masses of rosy-hued charts and tables and statistics about the growth of the sport in the USA, and studies showing how much of the national television audience lives in the cities where the NASL has teams, who plays soccer, who goes to watch it, how much money they earn and (in a table memorably headed "Marital Status") whether or not they are married. Plus, for anyone curious enough to wonder how the game is actually played, a one-page condensation of the rules.

Viewpoint

But one must not mock this pervasive soccer ignorance too heavily. To Wall Street and Madison Avenue, after all, soccer is not so much a game as a property, and as such it has to be assessed from the business viewpoint. The questions are: is pro soccer viable, is it something that companies will find it profitable to be linked with?

The NASL's task is to convince everyone that the answer to these questions is Yes. In which case there are things like trophies and cups and awards to be sponsored (read "paid for"), and there are advertisements to be inserted in the official NASL and USSF publications.

More specifically, there is the forthcoming Bicentennial Tournament at the end of May, featuring Brazil, England, Italy and a team of NASL All-Stars. Listen: "We plan to have one Principal Sponsor, two Leading Sponsors, and several Participating Sponsors . . . The Principal Sponsor will be in a position to name the event and receive full title recognition: THE (name of sponsor) TOURNAMENT."

So England and Italy and Brazil may well end up playing in the Xerox or the Panasonic or the General Cigar Tournament.

This is, says USSF, a major breakthrough in the world of soccer: "No other international tournament sanctioned by FIFA has ever involved a sponsor with this type of title recognition."

No doubt some will see it not as a breakthrough but as the thin end of an ugly commercial wedge poised to shatter the traditional structure of soccer — but more about that in a moment.

I have been talking so far about direct sponsorship. But there is another type of commercial involvement, one which is of much more interest to the NASL at this point. Namely, television sponsors — i.e. companies that will purchase time during soccer telecasts.

In one of its seductive press-kit charts, the NASL gives a highlight look at its own past and future. Thus, 1974 was the Year of Expansion, 1975 the Year of Pelé, 1976 is the Year of the Bicentennial Tournament . . . and 1977, it claims, will be the Year of Television.

It might be, but only if enough sponsors can be found. And if there is no national television, there is some doubt (some would say considerable doubt) that soccer can make it as a major league sport in the USA. For soccer, television would have a dual role.

The amounts of money involved could be enormous. At the moment, for example, grid-football collects some $40 million a year from television, baseball nearly $20 million, for the rights to televise their games.

This money comes from the three national networks, NBC, CBS and ABC — all of whom were invited to the Marketing Breakfast and none of whom, alas, turned up.

"No, don't read anything into that," said Carl Lindemann, who runs sports at NBC. "Certainly we don't televise soccer at the moment, but it is something we keep an eye on, a possible thing for the future. Remember, the three networks are each putting out something like 350 hours of sports a year. That's a hell of a lot, and none of us is about to add more sports-hours. If soccer comes in, it will have to replace something. What?"

Important

CBS is the network most closely associated with soccer. In 1967 and 1968, in the early days of the NASL, it televised games regularly once a week. But the sport was dropped in 1969, since when CBS has limited itself to picking up just one or two important games each season.

Is CBS heading back to what the NASL so anxiously wants, full-season regular weekly telecasts? "Not this year," says Bob Wussler, president of CBS Sports, "the chances for 1977 are slender. 1978? Possibly. Soccer is something for the future, we've not given up on it, but we've not jumped in with both arms flailing. Properly priced, soccer is attractive to us. I don't see it, in my lifetime, reaching grid-football levels in terms of income, but it could get a nice income from television."

Evidently the NASL's prediction that 1977 will be the year they get national television is somewhat optimistic — but their impatience is understandable. They see millions of dollars of TV money going into other sports, while they are getting peanuts.

This year, for example, ABC television will cover the Preakness, a horse race that will be on the screen for a matter of minutes. For this, they have paid $600,000. For last year's championship game, all 90 minutes of it, the NASL received a modest $15,000 from CBS. That hardly comes under the heading of "a nice income."

At this point the question that occurs to me is this: do I now have to justify all this talk of money and of commercialism in a soccer story? I can hear, as I have heard so many times, the tongues clucking and I can see the heads shaking as the traditionalists wonder what on earth things are coming to.

American soccer, I have been told repeatedly, is all money-talk, show-biz and circus hoopla. It isn't, but those elements are there and, like most things in America, they are rather more visible, rather less restrained, than they are elsewhere.

Why should there not be a bit of showbiz in soccer?

Comes the grudging answer — well, nothing, but Americans never know when to stop. The commercial interests will take over the sport, advertising will be offensively obtrusive, television will juggle the rules to suit its own requirements (like introducing time-outs for commercials) . . . and goodbye soccer.

Dangers that are not to be dismissed lightly, I agree. But rather than thinking of them as theoretical monsters, let me point to the practical experience of American sports.

Commercial and television involvement is heavy in the American pro sports. Yet I see no example of crude out-and-out exploitation of these sports. Yes, there have been examples of television ordering things their way, things like altering kick-off times, but let us remember that that has also happened in the World Cup. That does not excuse it, but it is not a peculiarly American evil.

ROUND TABLE FINDINGS ARE PUBLISHED ...

by Brian Glanville

IT TOOK the best part of the year for the deliberations and musings of the 3rd International Round Table to be published and presented to a rapturously expectant world, but now that at last we have them, let us at least consider them.

This pleasant affair took place in Monte Carlo last April and on its closing day Prince Rainier of Monaco generously and hospitably said that he hoped Monte Carlo would play host to the Round Table again.

FIFA themselves must take responsibility for the lamentably inept English translation in the booklet; indeed, to give full credit to their courage, they do. Thus, in the section devoted to Recommendations of the Round Table Concerning the Club in the World — itself a title which has little connection with idiomatic English — we are told that "theoretically it is more desirable that managers work on a voluntary basis."

Managers? The nonsensicality of the sentence instantly roused my suspicion that the word "managers" was a mistranslation of "*dirigeants*", the French for "directors".

I turned back a few pages, and so it was. The delicious idea that the Cloughs, Revies, Busbys and Michels of this world had traditionally worked for nothing vanished like a dream.

The Round Table was attended, or sat at, by Senhor Joao Havelange, our controversial, not universally adored, FIFA President, by Artemio Franchi of Italy, President of UEFA, and perhaps one day President of FIFA, by Senor Ortiz de Mendibil, a Spanish referee involved in many deeply controversial European and international matches, who has now, surprisingly, found his way on to the UEFA Referees Committee, by Rinus Michels, the Dutch manager (not director . . .), by Senor Armando, President of Argentina's Boca Juniors club, who roundly attacked the communications media, and by such journalists as Jacques Ferran of France (of course), Roland Mesmeur of France, administrators such as Harry Cavan and Walter Winterbottom.

Provocative

The concision of the report is such that it would be quite unfair to try to assess the validity or otherwise, of the various "interventions", or of the enterprise as a whole. Certain interesting and provocative points did, however, emerge from it, and I should like to deal with some of them here.

The "Club in the World" section states somewhat pompously that "the club should not evade its three most imperative tasks." The first is said to be that: It has a public mission to fulfil and should consequently put this before its financial preoccupations.

Well, well! Try telling that to Luton Town! But first, can we get down to definitions? *What* is the public mission that the club has to fulfil? Your guess, in the first instance, is as good as mine. Leafing the page, one finds, under section or clause 4.

"It is the club's job to take care of the instruction and apprenticeship of future players whilst ensuring that the physical and social future of the adolescent is safeguarded.

5. "In exchange for these benefits to the population and its efforts to create incentive, the club has the right to demand support — particularly of a financial nature — from the public communities."

Ah, these Frenchmen (for the French inspiration is all too clear) when they leap on their rhetorical horses! How swiftly and carelessly they gallop away, leaving a trail of false assumptions, dubious logic and strange supposition behind them. Whoa, there, whoa! one is tempted to cry.

The concept that a professional football club is, by its existence, necessarily conferring a service on the community is one, I confess, which is new to me. Even if, in certain cases, it is possible — as I believe it is — to make out that a club serves its community, the service tends to be a thoroughly indirect one, nor can it be said to be performed by every club.

This, after all, is a moment when all but a relatively few large, powerful clubs, mostly from heavily populated urban areas, are able to survive. We have even been told by so distinguished and long lived a club as West Bromwich Albion that there is just no hope of existing on the money that is coming through the turnstiles. The plight of lesser clubs, such as Stockport, Barrow, Workington, Southport and Walsall, can readily be imagined.

What, again, could be their "public mission"? Most League clubs can scarcely be said to provide incentive and employment to local youth, since with a handful of exceptions their personnel is drawn from far and wide. From that point of view, they must, if anything, discourage local youth, who have only to look at the team to see that their chance of success with the club of their heart, choice or at least neighbourhood ranks somewhere with that of the rich man of entering Heaven.

Is it a "public mission" to provide football which the local community can, at a price, watch? This can scarcely be

1978 World Cup venues

OF THE 38 World Cup matches to be played when the finals of the tournament are held in Argentina in 1978, twelve will be played in Buenos Aires (nine at the River Plate stadium and three at the Velez Sarsfield stadium), eight in Cordoba and six each in Mar del Plata, Rosario and Mendoza.

The tournament is scheduled to open on June 1, 1978, when cup holders West Germany face a yet unspecified rival at the River Plate stadium. Argentina will play their first match on the following day in Rosario where they are also scheduled to play their remaining two preliminary group matches.

If Argentina qualifies for the quarter-finals, they will play all further matches in Buenos Aires, possibly at a different time than other matches so as not to take spectators away from them.

Although the 14 finalists (apart from cup holders West Germany and hosts Argentina who qualify automatically) have yet to reach the finals, the Argentine World Cup Committee published provisional fixtures in December showing when and where all matches will be played.

These indicate that four matches are scheduled for every playing day, two at 1.30 pm and two at 4.30 pm to be able to make use of TV as much as possible. The final is scheduled for June 25 at River Plate's stadium.

Hugo Sotil (left) pictured in the colours of Barcelona with manager Hennes Weisweiler and Johan Cruyff.

so, in principle, when, as we have seen, so many local communities quite plainly reject their club. True, a large, successful club can improve morale in its vicinity, but only so long as it goes on winning. Another argument one has heard is that such clubs bring trade into the area. They also, alas, bring the hooligan supporters of other clubs, often capable of doing great and costly damage.

From all this you will scarcely gather that a club has a right to "demand support" from the community: which in any case it largely ignores.

As for the question of the club's "job" to care for the instruction of the adolescent and to safeguard his future, you will forgive me if I laugh; and with some bitterness. What the average club does is precisely the opposite. It exploits the adolescent, monopolises his present and does its level best, however unconsciously, to destroy his future.

Clubs by and large don't give a damn about what may or may not happen to the apprentice professionals they sign if they do not come through. Few of them indeed run any kind of training scheme for their players, though goodness knows that it is hard and unrewarding enough to do so.

I have said that one hesitates to pass judgement on the deliberations of the Round Table; several other subjects are dealt with in the booklet. But as an example of windy circumlocution, woolly thinking and flatulent verbiage, the section on the Club in the World suggests that future Round Tables could well do with a strong dose of realism, a healthy purge of common sense.

Chile title for Union Española

IN CHILE, the First Division reached an exciting end with Union Española (last season's vice-champs) just maintaining their two point lead while popular Colo Colo, who had beaten them in the next-to-last match, just failing to enter a playoff for a second Libertadores Cup place between second to fourth placed Concepcion, Huachipato and Green Cross.

A measure which could have far reaching effects is that transfer fees — fixed at 3,500 dollars and 7,000 dollars (if the player started at club and played in the first team) — were reintroduced by the Chilean Central FA. For the last 15 years local players completing their contracts could negotiate them freely with any club they liked. New contracts will be for four years, but can be cancelled by the club after two. The players are naturally up in arms and have complained to the government, but this is as far as it has gone at press time.

Chile's government has finally authorised football pools for next season (state run with profits to be used for sports), but on the other hand it does not allow any kind of election so that soccer club committees have had their mandates extended indefinitely.

IN PERU, 12 of 18 professional championship clubs risk losing their status if they do not comply with a new law obliging them to become professional associations with at least 2,000 members and playing at least five sports. Compliance would also enable them to apply for much needed government financial aid.

Peruvian international forward Hugo Sotil, currently playing for Barcelona (Spain), may follow in Italian Gianni Rivera's footsteps. He wants to buy his former Lima club, Deportivo Municipal, one of the most popular in the country and known as "The Millionaires" but presently in financial difficulties.

Meanwhile the national championship still has eight matches to go with provincials Alfonso Ugarte, the sensation of the season, leading by one point.

Personal Opinion

'Professionals' —basic misund

LETTERS WRITTEN by readers usually deal with individual interests. The chap who "has never before put pen to paper" habitually defends one of his favourite players from unjust — in his view — attacks, builds up a case on behalf of a discredited national team manager, or merely points out a factual error (?), relying on some antiquated year-book.

But Mr King's much appreciated sentiments belong to a different category. He is a man who obviously understands the game, is devoted to it, and feels compelled to voice his opinions. Unfortunately, life is very unfair. We all feel very strongly about a number of subjects, but we have no means of communicating with the public.

Consequently, we are not able to get rid of our frustrations. How many times have I sat in front of a TV set, listening to the "talking heads", itching to butt in, put them right, point out the inevitable answer, tell them the truth — my truth! As far as football is concerned, I am in a privileged position. With the indulgence of the Editor here and in other publications, I have the opportunity for self-expression, to use the fashionable catchword — I have "access".

Mr King and millions of others haven't. And they all firmly believe that their views are original, worthwhile, valid — aren't there 100,000 experts at a Cup Final? Mr King has raised some very interesting issues, he hasn't converted me, but the points are certainly worth discussing, because they touch upon the basic misunderstanding between the "professionals" and the media — to use a convenient shorthand term.

Let me refresh your memory. In my article vis-a-vis the Lee v Hunter fracas, I expressed my regret over the stonewalling tactics of the respective managers when interviewed on TV. These gentlemen, who can spot an infringement well worth a penalty in the opponents' area when sitting in a dug-out miles away from the incident, have a habit of becoming temporarily blinded by the sun, the floodlights, the moon, a flying saucer, etc., when one of their own players commits a diabolical foul.

Loyalty? Fear of a dressing room showdown? Diplomatic stance worthy of an aspiring politician? Whatever the reason, it is not a pretty sight, as a certain ex-Luton director would say. No one is compelled to appear on television, Mr King! After, before or during a match. But if a "football-person" of the standing of a Jimmy Armfield (ex-captain of England yet!) and a Dave Mackay (twenty-eight broken legs, member of the "double" team, lionheart of Scotland!) do agree, for a nominal fee, to talk to the nation's football lovers, minutes after their charges have knocked the living daylight out of each other, they ought to say something . . . If only for the kids' sakes (you have probably coached a few of them, Mr King), say that this was disgraceful, out of character, a negation of sportsmanship, a smear, a curse, a tragedy.

'No comment'

And if they haven't got the guts to do that, then they should have crawled into the crevices of their respective dressing rooms, and hid behind the cowardly "no comment" shield. At present, there is a vast gulf between the managers of the English clubs and the Press. Earlier in the season, I applauded the new gutsier, less fawning approach of the commentators. This fresh, more genuine attitude is not appreciated by the "professionals". They simply will not accept criticism, will not permit awkward questions, and refuse to understand the function of a free Press.

Free publicity, yes; free comment — No! But this is merely the freedom of the eunuch to enter the harem. Do not touch, do not interfere, do not disillusion the public, just admire and then sing our praises — that is their dictum. I wish, Mr King, that you would come to England and witness one of those after match interviews between the managers and the journalists. One can almost touch the embarrassment on both sides.

"Did you think it was a penalty, Joe?" "The referee is always right." "Jim had a great game, didn't he?" "Well, he is a good player, he always works hard." is the general level of conversation. I am not saying that the fault is entirely on the side of the managers, and there are, of course, exceptions. But the mutual distrust is bad for the game.

Even John Bond, a likeable intelligent man, "had a go" at a couple of football writers in a Pressroom because he thought that they did not give enough credit to his Norwich team. One of them pointed out that Ted McDougall is headlined every week in his paper, because the striker's goalscoring exploits might net him £10,000 — given as a prize by the very same daily.

The ultimate indignity appeared in the QPR programme: "More in sorrow than in anger, we are forced to return to a subject we have discussed here before — the often misleading stories which appear in various sections of the national Press concerning our players and club activities. We would ask our supporters to remember one thing: we do *not* discuss players' private affairs with reporters, and, as a result, some stories appearing in the Press are no more than inspired guesses. At the best these stories can be pointless and misleading; at the worst they can do considerable harm. We have often thought, for example, that the career of our player Stan Bowles, would have been a happier and more successful one if the Gentlemen of the Press had only left him alone. Enough said?"

I hasten to add that Dave Sexton had nothing to do with this, and the club secretary, Mr Ron Phillips, always says what's in his heart. But . . . didn't Mr Bowles, a brilliant player, walk out of the England camp, ask for a transfer three (or was it four) times? When he was in financial difficulty, didn't he sell a story to a Sunday paper, confessing to be an obsessive gambler?

Is it the Pressmen who mock referees week after week, needle opponents, "dive" in penalty areas, stick fingers up at a crowd of moronic teenagers? O.K., journalists, inspired by Sports Editors, do tempt players into indiscretions.

If there were no buyers for sensa-

by Leslie Vernon

and media
lerstanding

tional stories, there wouldn't be any "revelations" published. We could also put our house in order. But to state that poor little Bowles or Best or Hegan or any of the others who went astray, were ruined by the Press, is naive, arrant nonsense. In fact, the opposite is true. Many a career has been saved through the decency and discretion of journalists, who have sacrificed a "good story" for the sake of a player's unsoiled "image".

But let's get back to Mr King's letter. Yes, sir, I do believe that players should be punished for punching someone on the nose during a football match. There is, however, a world of difference between on and off-the-field activities. On the pitch, the referee (I happen to be one myself) has the power to mete out justice. Off it, players must be treated as individuals. Do you imagine that Sir Lawrence Olivier is treated on a film-set as an ordinary character actor? He gets special consideration because of his genuis.

Ability *is* the yardstick. In sport, it must be allied with application. But that is the X factor, the variable. As for Czibor, the happy drinker in Madrid, the Hungarians have an old saying: "There are some people who can carry a piano, and there are others who can play it." Czibor, Puskas, Bozsik, could play it, you see . . .

It is immaterial what they did with their private lives, because on the pitch, they played sweet music. Do you want to encourage the artists, or do you prefer the robot men, the workrate merchants, the runners, the chasers, the ball-winners, the faceless, computerised, machine-made, over-coached product?

One more anecdote before we both run out of space. Klaus Wunder, who was recently discarded by Bayern Munich, has complained that while he was with the European Cup holders, Beckenbauer received special treatment. "All the players were sent to bed at 10 p.m.", said Wunder, "but Franz was wining and dining with manager Schwann and the directors. "So what", answered Robert Schwann, "who was the best player on the pitch next day? Beckenbauer!"

OPEN LETTER

I HAVE been reading your excellent magazine for a number of years now and always found it entertaining and enlightening, regarding international soccer, but I must say that after reading Leslie Vernon's article in your December, 1975, issue, regarding the incident between Derby and Leeds or Hunter and Lee, I was taken aback by some of his remarks.

Mr Vernon points out that both managers were "hauled in front of the TV cameras minutes after the end of the match", after which both shied away from making any direct statement regarding the incident.

I have been a player and have coached for a number of years and have always thought that one of the cardinal rules was not to discuss a match right after, but to rather wait until tempers and pressures have cooled before discussing said match. This went for managers, coaches or players. I think he is being unfair on both managers, expecting them to give a cool, unbiased account of something which probably "stirred" them as well, so "soon" after the match.

Another point where Mr Vernon seems to contradict himself, is when he states that these players should be punished for this sort of behaviour, but seems to condone, quote: "and that is why great players with flair have to be indulged and tolerated at times." For things like, quote: "before a vital match against Real, he climbed out of his hotel window and — he was discovered in a seedy bar, sitting in his pyjamas, oblivious to the problems of the world."

I don't know if Mr Vernon has coached or managed any sporting team, but where does he believe discipline must begin? Also does he believe in treating some players differently to others, regarding discipline, using ability as a measure?

Without starting any long discussion or argument, I feel my points are valid and are my own personal opinion, and would like to hear Mr Vernon's thoughts regarding them.

Mr N. S. KING
South Africa

WORLD SOCCER DIARY

EUROPE'S LEADING marksman at present is the rather unlikely figure of Brendan Bradley, the centre-forward of Finn Harps who play in the League of Ireland.

Not that Bradley is any stranger to scoring goals. In fact in the last six and a half seasons he has managed well over 100 including one season spent in the English Fourth Division with Lincoln City.

The rest of the time he has been a consistent scorer for Harps. All told he has registered 130 goals during this time including the dozen League goals he managed for Lincoln in 1972-73 season.

IN SPITE of the fact that he has been lost to Brazilian and South American football for some time, Pele continues to figure even in a small way in the voting for the South American Footballer of the Year award.

In the recent competition won by Elias Figueroa, the Chilean centre-back who plays for Internacional Porto Alegre of Brazil, Pele now of New York Cosmos was classified joint 11th along with two other players and received five points in the voting. Figueroa had 50.

MARIO SOTO, the Espanola and Chile international defender, has been voted Footballer of the Year in his country. Soto was a clear winner because his nearest rival in the poll, Victor Pizarro, finished 50 points lower in the ratings.

Pizarro who plays for Santiago Morning finished as the leading scorer in the recently completed championship won by Union Espanola.

EL SALVADOR has reverted to being something of a Central American backwater as far as football is concerned since the 1970 World Cup when they qualified for the final stages.

However, the game still continues to flourish there and last month Aguila clinched the championship of the League by beating Alianza 3-1. It was their seventh title.

KURT HAMRIN, the former Swedish international right-winger, became a grandfather for the first time recently at the age of 41. His daughter is married to the Fiorentina player Moreno Roggi.

Hamrin had a distinguished career, spent mostly in Italy during which time he played for five different clubs — Juventus, Padova, Fiorentina, AC Milan and Napoli and in 400 League games scored 190 goals.

IRAN CLEARLY intend to become one of the foremost nations among the Third World as far as football is concerned. Last month they organised a tournament for national sides restricted to players between 18 and 20 years of age.

Teams from Brazil, Poland, North Korea, Russia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Italy and Yugoslavia competed along with a local squad.

There is an enthusiastic public for football in the country which boasts over 400 clubs, 2,000 teams and some 43,000 players. And Iran, who gave Australia a scare on the way to the last World Cup are determined to go one better in 1978 and qualify themselves.

CHANGE OF FRANCHISES

THE NORTH AMERICAN Soccer League has realigned its four divisions for the 1976 season as a result of the switching of two of its 20 franchises. The Baltimore Comets were sold earlier in the winter to new owners who have moved the team across the continent to play in San Diego, California, while the Denver Dynamos were more recently sold to a group who have switched to the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul in Minnesota.

During the coming summer the NASL will operate in two conferences with ten teams in each. The Atlantic Conference will consist of a Northern and an Eastern Division while the Pacific Conference will have a Western and a Southern Division.

In the Atlantic Conference Northern Division the teams will be the Boston Minutemen, Chicago Sting, Hartford Bicentennials, Rochester Lancers and Toronto Metros-Croatia, while in the Eastern Division the Miami Toros, New York Cosmos, Philadelphia Atoms, Tampa Bay Rowdies and Washington Diplomats will be in direct opposition.

Last season the Chicago Sting were in the old Central Division while the New York Cosmos were in the Northern Division.

Former England captain Bobby Moore . . . will he join a N.A.S.L. club?

Impression

Out west in the Pacific Conference Western Division the Portland Timbers, St Louis Stars, Seattle Sounders and Vancouver Whitecaps will be joined by the new Minnesota club, while the new San Diego Jaws will be in the Southern Division along with the Los Angeles Aztecs, Dallas Tornado, San Antonio Thunder and San Jose Earthquakes. Last year St Louis, Dallas and San Antonio were in the old Central Division while San Jose were in the Western Division.

The Comets are the second NASL team to fail in Baltimore following in the footsteps of the old Baltimore Bays who played in the league in 1967, 1968 and 1969. But the Comets didn't last three seasons and bowed out after just two. San Diego the new home of the team had a club in the NASL in 1968 which did well on the field but not so well at the box office and they (the San Diego Toros) disappeared after just one season.

Turbulent

For the Denver Dynamos the end also came quickly after just two turbulent seasons in which the club failed to leave any lasting impression on the "Mile High City" in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. In moving the club to Minnesota the NASL is breaking new ground for the league has never had a team in this state before. With intense rivalry existing between the cities of Minneapolis and St Paul facing each other across the Mississippi River the team is likely to call itself after the state and play in suburban Bloomington like the professional baseball, football and ice hockey franchises playing out of that area.

However, perhaps the most interesting development to come out of the NASL for 1976 comes not from the moving of a franchise but from a change in ownership. The Philadelphia Atoms, champions in 1973 when they enjoyed a highly successful season at the gate as well as on the field, have slipped in the past two years and owner Tom McCloskey has sold the club to a group from Mexico.

The new owners, known as the United Club of Jalisco, are an amalgamation of four Mexican First Division clubs that play out of Guadalajara — Atlas, Jalisco, Guadalajara and Universidad. Presumably the club will be stocked with players from these four teams but just how well a Mexican team will be received in Philadelphia is open to question.

Jose Cardenas is the president of the new club which will virtually have to begin from the bottom for the old club has released all of its players and its coach. Al Miller, the only coach the club ever had, has been snapped up by the Dallas Tornado, while U.S. international goalkeeper Bob Rigby and international defender Bob Smith have joined the New York Cosmos.

Notable

Currently most clubs are busy trying to sign new players as well as resigning those of last years teams who are good enough or want to return. Most notable signing of the season to date has been that of Rodney Marsh by the champion Tampa Bay Rowdies. Marsh an England international, was signed from Manchester City and will be playing under coach Eddie Firmani who last year built one of the finest NASL teams of all time.

Meanwhile Pele continues to bring the game greater credibility and more publicity than it has ever enjoyed before. He was named soccer's "Performer of the Year" by Sport Magazine which has given soccer only brief mention in the past, and has now begun appearing on television panel shows.

The new NASL season is scheduled to begin on April 16 with all twenty teams playing an interlocking schedule. The season, perhaps the most important in the history of the game in North America, will conclude with the championship game on August 28 in the new domed stadium in Seattle, Washington.

COLIN JOSE reports

New York Cosmos appoint Furphy

Ken Furphy

KEN FURPHY, former manager of Watford and of Sheffield United, has been appointed the new coach of the New York Cosmos. Thus Furphy becomes Pele's new boss, taking over from Gordon Bradley, coach of the Cosmos since the club's inception in 1971. Bradley has been promoted to vice-president of player personnel and development.

In making the announcement on behalf of the Cosmos, club president Clive Toye said: "We sought a coach with wide experience at all levels of the game in a variety of situations and countries. In Ken Furphy we have him.

"He was one of six men on our original short list and we believe he's the kind of aggressive, progressive coach to take us on the next stage of our build up to becoming a powerhouse not only in the NASL but in the world."

Furphy will have a rebuilding job in front of him when he joins his new club for the Cosmos have been slipping ever since they won the NASL championship in 1972 in their second season. Last year, despite the signing of Pele, they finished out of the play offs for the second year running and for an ambitious club like the Cosmos this is just not acceptable.

One of last season's problems was in goal and already this seems to have been solved by the signing of U.S. international goalkeeper Bob Rigby from the Philadelphia Atoms. Another U.S. international full back, Bob Smith, will add strength to the defence while in midfield the Cosmos signed two players from Santos for their European tour last September and it is hoped that Ray Mifflin and Nelsi Morais will solve what was another problem area for the Cosmos in 1975.

However, Morais suffered a broken leg in Sweden and has been back in Brazil recovering through the long New York winter.

Winger

Up front the Cosmos have a very dangerous winger in Yugoslav born Mirko Liveric and no doubt we shall see the return of Mordechai Shpigler to play as a striker alongside Pele.

The Rochester Lancers have also signed a new coach, he is Dragan Popovic who began his career with Red Star, Belgrade, and then moved on to Celik Zenica, Hajduk Split and VfB Stuttgart, before coming to the United States in 1967 to join the St Louis Stars. From St Louis he moved to Canada to play for the Toronto Serbian White Eagles.

Popovic would appear to have a much more difficult job with Rochester than Furphy has with New York for the Lancers like the Cosmos have been floundering in recent years and they lack the drawing potential of New York. Also the coaching job at Rochester has always been a hot seat dating back to the days when the club was in the American Soccer League.

Last season Rochester won just six out of 22 games while losing 16 and just recently transferred long time captain Charlie Mitchell to the Washington Diplomats. They have a good goalkeeper in Ardo Perri and a promising young U.S. international striker in Andy Rymarczuk but basically the club is due for a total overhaul in personnel if it is to achieve anything different from mediocre performances in 1976.

Arthur Rotmil reports on the s

Boruss challen Europe

NO OTHER country in the world has ever held simultaneously so many major trophies as West Germany: The World Cup, the European Championship, the European Cup and the UEFA Cup, have all been won recently by teams from this, the most successful soccer nation, both at international and at club level.

As if any further confirmation of their current domination was needed, another triumph was recorded by the players individually. In the most authoritative annual poll for the "European Footballer of the Year", conducted by 'France Football', no fewer than five Germans were elected in the first ten! Franz Beckenbauer (2nd), Berti Vogts (4th), Sepp Maier (5th), Jupp Heynckes (7th) and Paul Breitner (8th).

No wonder that West Germany, glancing back at yet another year of splendid achievement, now looks forward to further glory. And there are plenty of fresh conquests to anticipate: The national team has reached the quarter-finals of the European Championship and is rated favourite to retain its title. Two German clubs, Bayern Munich and Borussia Mönchengladbach stand in the last eight of the European Cup, as are Eintracht Frankfurt in the Cup Winners' Cup and Hamburger SV in the UEFA Cup. West Germany is in fact the only country which still has four representatives left in each of the European club tournaments.

Both Borussia Mg., who drew Real Madrid, and Bayern, who oppose Benfica, should make a handsome profit from their home ties. Borussia have switched the match to Düsseldorf's Rheinstadion, which holds 70,000, but they have been swamped with ticket applications exceeding 200,000! Eintracht Frankfurt and Hamburger SV should go through comfortably into the semi-finals, having drawn Sturm Graz and Stal Mielec respectively, who apart from being outsiders in these competitions, will also be handicapped by the winter break.

What is astonishing though, is the continued modesty of Germany's leading commentators and journalists refusing to acknowledge the tremendous talent of their top players. In the usual half-yearly rankings the country's premier sports publication, "Kicker-Sportmagazin' lists only three German footballers as "world class": Beckenbauer, Vogts and Maier.

In the category "international class", they included goalkeepers Kargus (Hamburger SV), Kleff (Borussia Mg.), and Franke (Eintracht Brunswick); defenders Dietz (MSV Duisburg), Kaltz (Hamburger SV), Fichtel (Schalke); midfielders Wimmer (Borussia Mg.), Grabowski (Eintracht Frankfurt), Beer (Hertha), Stielike (Borussia Mg.) and Danner (Borussia Mg.), plus forwards Hölzenbein (Eintracht Frankfurt) and Heynckes (Borussia Mg.).

Drafted

The main interest was now centred on the performance of the national side, who after their splendid 5-0 away victory over Turkey was preparing to trounce Malta at the end of February, in Dortmund, in the remaining European Championship group match. It is incredible to note that last year no fewer than ten new caps had been drafted into the national side.

They were Ritschel (Kickers Offenbach), Kliemann (Hertha Berlin), Beer (Hertha Berlin), Kaltz (Hamburger SV), Stielike (Borussia Mg.), Gersdorff (Eintracht Brunswick), Keller (1860 Munich), Kargus (Hamburger SV), Reichel (Eintracht Frankfurt) and Worm (MSV Duisburg).

The 22-year-old Ronnie Worm celebrated a dream debut against Turkey with two goals and now everyone wants to know: Is he the successor at last to Gerd Müller? He too, began his international career in Turkey in 1966 and went on to become record scorer with 68 goals in 62 internationals.

West Germany's "account" for 1975 shows three wins, three draws and only one defeat. Goals tally 11-5. It started with the 0-2 setback against England at Wembley, then followed 1-1 in Bulgaria, 1-1 v Holland, 2-0 in Austria, 1-1 v Greece, 1-0 v Bulgaria and 5-0 in Turkey. Goal scorers were Heynckes (4), Beer (3), Worm (2), Ritschel and Wimmer (1 each).

National manager Helmut Schön fielded 29 players, but only captain Beckenbauer, Vogts and Hölzenbein took part in all seven games. Only five "world champions" are still first choice: Maier, Voghts, Beckenbauer, Schwarzenbeck and Hölzenbein.

Total record:

P	W	D	L	F A
406	224	71	111	980-592

In these matches 627 players were used, while 81 of them made their debuts under Herr Schön, who has been team chief since 1964. Under his guidance West Germany played 111 matches, winning 72, drawing 22 and losing only 17. The most capped player is Beckenbaeur, who with 95 games to his credit is all set to break the world record of 108 caps held by England's Bobby Moore.

Burden

The *Bundesliga* programme was resumed after a short break in mid-January, but for most clubs without any playing commitments it was a most unwelcome interruption of their steady income. A whole month went by without any takings at the gate, while running costs remained virtually the same. This financial burden caused some sharp comment from officials of the powerful clubs and discontented murmurings among many others.

Success being enjoyed by West German clubs

sia lead ge on can cups

Bayern Munich called off the proposed ten-day tour of the USA and Mexico, no doubt remembering the past experience when the players, travel weary and jaded, no longer looked forward to the tough engagements in the championship. Bayern were delighted that their three stars Gerd Müller, Uli Hoeness and Johnny Hansen have all recovered after lengthy spells of injury, in readiness for the second half of the season.

But the club parted with forward Klaus Wunder (25), who went to Hannover and like others before him, criticised the running of the club and the "cult of personalities" which allegedly ruins the Munich establishment.

Meanwhile Bayern were very pleased by the findings of a Research Institute, that they are still the country's most popular club. When asked which is their favourite team 23 per cent of the people named Bayern, 14 per cent plumped for Borussia Mönchengladbach, seven per cent for Schalke and six per cent for Hamburger SV.

Several clubs strengthened their playing staff just before the transfer deadline of December 31. Kickers Offenbach, struggling at the bottom of the *Bundesliga*, signed the Danish striker Lars Bastrup (20). Another Danish import Ove Flindt joined Karlsruhe SC (coming from Wacker Innsbruck, Austria), while the promising Swedish striker Jan Mattson (Oester Vaxjoe) is expected to add scoring power to Fortuna Düsseldorf's attack. But none of these internationals cost more than £80,000. No player may now be signed by *Bundesliga* teams till the summer, so that one can dismiss stories appearing in some papers, linking British players with West German clubs.

December has also been a "changeable" month for managers. Cologne parted for the second time with "Tschik" Cajkovski, who took over at Offenbach. This ailing club finally dismissed their coach Otto Rehhagel, who was again in trouble with the DFB, because this time he accused a referee of being bribed (!), after he had sent off Offenbach's international Manfred Ritschel, in a League match against Eintracht Frankfurt. Rehhagel was banned for two months and fined 5,000 Marks (approx £1,000) and so Kickers Offenbach decided it was time for him to go.

In the New Year Hannover too, fired their manager "Fifi" Kronsbein (61), for the third (!) time since 1956, which must be something of a record, moreover as he had left in 1956, 1966 and now in 1976 — precisely at 10-year intervals!

It should be remembered that in West Germany the club managers, or technical directors, usually stay much longer in office, but in these cases the men concerned are coaches, who are engaged on the basis of bringing success — just like the players.

Cologne's new chief, incidentally, is their former international full back Georg Stollenwerk (44), who played in the World Cup in 1958 and holds 23 caps.

SHOP WINDOW

FOR SALE: Thousands of English, Scottish and non-league programmes, all at reduced prices. Many 1975/6, including most English first division clubs, and many Scottish clubs. Also Scottish League Cup Final and semi-finals programmes for sale, again at reduced prices. Please send SAE for lists to: John Litster, 34 Coldstream Drive, Burnside, Rutherglen, Glasgow G73 3LH.

FOR SALE LARGE SELECTION OF CLUB PROGRAMMES; for sale at Britain's cheapest prices! Scottish, non-league and English are available from the mid-1960s to the present day. Send SAE to: Frank Cambell, 283 Kingsacre Road, Bank Head, Rutherglen, Glasgow G73 2EN.

TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD would like to correspond with any male or female interested in international soccer. Main interest lies in Holland, Scandinavia, Africa, East Europe and especially Iceland. Mel Thomas, Y.M.C.A, St. Helens, WA10 2TJ, England.

WANTED: Rothmans Football Yearbook 70-71, 71-72; Shoot Annual 72; Scottish Football Book No. 19; and Aberdeen, Aston Villa and Liverpool souvenirs (incl. Testimonials and books by ex players). Also most football books. Items must be in good condition. Write first to: 23 Allan Street, Aberdeen, AB1 6HN.

I AM 17 YEARS OF AGE and would like to correspond with an English boy of about the same age group, who is interested in football and supports Bayern Munich and West Germany. Fernado de Melo, Lowveld High School, P.O. Box 1058, Nelspruit, 1200, Transvaal, South Africa.

I AM 18 YEARS OLD and a Spurs fan and would like pen pals from England, Holland and West Germany. David Tonna, 2 Zabbar Road, F/C St. Andrew's, Pawla, Malta.

WANTED: Jan., Feb. 1975 issues of WORLD SOCCER to complete set. Mark Robinson, 38 Sutherland Avenue, Hull, N. Humberside.

I AM 23 YEARS OF AGE AND WOULD LIKE TO CORRESPOND with anyone who is interested in international football especially European. As I am fluent in Italian, the correspondence can be that language also. George Franklin, 9119 Lindard, Dallas, Texas, 75228 USA.

MANCHESTER CITY homes, semi-finals and finals pre 1971-72 wanted. Will give cash or exchange. S. Armstrong, 26 Cleoc Street, Ince, Wigan, Lancs. WN2 2HU.

WANTED: Plates, figures, model figures, bronzes of soccer people. Contact: Prof. IRA Weiss, 1363 Millwood Lane, Merrick, N.Y. 11566, USA.

I AM A VERY KEEN SUPPORTER OF ITALIAN FOOTBALL and would very much like to obtain any souvenirs, flags, pennants or badges. Please contact me at: 5 Wenlock Road, Paisley, Renfrewshire, PA2 6UJ.

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY PROGRAMMES Home and Aways, especially pre 1956-57 required. Good prices paid. Please send lists. Also book published 1930s "Romance of The Wednesday" wanted. Top price paid for this. M. Renshaw, 210 Club Garden Road, Landsdowne, Sheffield, 11.

WANTED: Football programme collections, very good prices paid. Send details to Programmes Tara, Butts Beck, Dalton-in-Furness, Cumbria.

NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL LEAGUE PROGRAMMES FOR SALE, 25p each including postage (British Postal orders only please). P. G. Moon, Flat 5, 43 Nen Street, Oamaru, North Otago, New Zealand.

WANTED FOREIGN FOOTBALL MAGAZINES. Will pay your price or swap for programmes (English Internationals, Euro. Comps., foreign etc.). Lists available. Please write first to M. Parr, 40 Malcolm Close, Baddeley Green, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. ST2 7HU.

HIBERNIAN FAN WISHES to exchange programmes and other souvenirs with fans of other teams anywhere in the world. J. Gardiner, 35A Edinburgh Road, Musselburgh, Midlothian, Scotland.

15-YEAR-OLD SOCCER FAN wishes to correspond with anyone from Argentina, Italy or Spain. If interested write to Graham Birks, 101 Beechwood Road, Sheffield, S6 4LQ, England.

News from Hungary

by Leslie Vernon

ENGLAND PRESENT TOUGH OPPONENTS

THE DECKS are cleared in Hungary to make a telling challenge for the Under-23 version of the European Championship! England are the quarter-final opponents — tough adversaries, especially on this level.

But the holders, Hungary, rightly in my view, have decided to take these games really seriously and attempt to gain a vestige of respectability from a disappointing international season. A three-weeks' tour of Central America has been arranged for the senior side, to be followed by a trip to Kuwait for the U-23 squad. Lajos Baroti, national team manager, picked the travelling party with great care, mixing a few experienced players with the bulk of the up-and-coming youngsters.

These were the players who took the plane to Mexico: **Goalkeepers:** Rothermel, Gujdar. **Defenders:** J. Nagy, Balint, Rab, Lukacs, Paroczai. **Midfield:** Nyilasi, Ebedli, J. Kovacs, Pinter, A. Toth. **Forwards:** Pusztai, Fazekas, Izso, L. Nagy, Varadi.

Baroti's explanation: "I still have faith in the players used in the latter part of last year. But we fielded 37 of them, and the constant changes prevented us developing "the backbone" of a settled side. This spring, our main tasks are reaching the Final of the U-23 European Championship, and laying the foundations of a team capable of taking us into the next World Cup Finals. The current squad, plus the players standing-by for recall (L. Kovacs, Torok, Pal, Csapo, Szabo and Magyar) could be the ideal mixture for both targets, bearing in mind that two over-aged players are allowed to be included in the U-23 teams.

"Unfortunately, at present, we haven't got a really strong central striker, a forward who can score goals, hold the ball if necessary, and distribute astutely. I shall experiment with the young Vasas player, Izso, and might have a look at Ferenc Szabo of Ferencvaros as well. The other problem position is that of the central midfielder. Since the injury to Lajos Kocsis, Kovacs of Videoton has fitted the bill quite well, but Ebedli might be a better long-term proposition. We shall play the 4-3-3 formation with emphasis on using the width of the pitch, everyone will be given a freer role than recently — in fact, I am aiming at "total football".

Baroti's squad is an interesting one. Experiments are forced on him, but few people expected such wholesale changes in personnel. Of the newcomers, Sandor Gujdar (Honved) in goal will be most severely tested against England. Ignac Izso is only 20, with less than 50 League matches under his belt.

Sandor Paroczai, the Bekescsaba full-back, couldn't believe his luck, and at 21, he is clearly one for the future. Bar injuries, Hungary will field this side v England in Budapest on March 10. Gujdar — Paroczai, Balint, Rab, Lukacs — Nyilasi, Ebedli, Pinter — Fekete, Izso, Varadi. Instead of Pinter, the second over-age player (alongside Balint) might be Pusztai or Fazekas, and then Komjati could be drafted into the midfield trio.

Colourful

Apart from the immediate tasks ahead, the Hungarians have a colourful programme to look forward to. On March 27, Argentina will be the visitors in the Nepstadion, and on April 17, the Magyars visit Yugoslavia for a friendly. May 1, Switzerland v Hungary. May 26, Hungary v USSR (friendly, not World Cup!).

Four days earlier, the Magyars will play France away, and then comes the 75th anniversary match against Austria on June 12 at Budapest. In order to ensure that this showpiece game will be Hungary's 500th international, some of the earlier matches will be undertaken under the convenient label — "Budapest Selected". The First Division League campaign will open on March 6, and the last round will be played on June 19. "Double-headers", much loved by the public, will be staged on April 24 (Honved v Dozsa, Vasas v F.T.C.), May 15 (Vasas v Honved, F.T.C. v Dozsa) and June 2 (Dozsa v Vasas, Honved v F.T.C.).

I am recording these intimate details for the benefit of the substantial number of prospective tourists, who prefer to visit Pest (not so much Buda!) when there is a football treat in store for them. It never ceases to amaze me that there are so many foreign fans who are still fascinatetd by Hungarian football. New Zealander, Brian O'Sullivan, emigrated from the home of lamb, butter, etc., practically for the sole reason to catch an occasional glimpse of Ferencvaros. Fredy Lihs, a West Berliner, saves-up for six months, then blows it all on a trip to the banks of the Danube.

There are countless others who write to this magazine, informing me of what's happening in Hungarian football. All this enthusiasm is generated, of course, by the blessed memory of the "wonder team" of the fifties. The Magyars might not be quite so "magical" any longer, but attraction still persists, and one is conscious of the heavy responsibility thrust upon their present day players.

To summarize 75 years in mere statistics doesn't do justice to the flavour of the various periods, especially the one between June 4, 1950, and July 4, 1954, when Hungary remained unbeaten in 32 matches, winning 28 and drawing 4. But for the sake of brevity, here we go.

Past record

Championship wins: 21 Ferencvaros; 18 MTK (Hungaria); 16 Ujpest Dozsa; 5 Honved, Vasas; 4 Csepel; 2 BTC; 1 NAC Gyor. **Cup wins:** 12 Ferencvaros; 9 MTK; 3 Gyor, Dozsa; 2 Honved, Vasas; 1 Bocskai, Soroksar, Szolnok, III. Ker TV. **International competitions:** European Cup: Semi-finalists: Vasas (1958), Gyor (1965), Dozsa (1974). Cup Winners Cup: Finalists: MTK (1964), Ferencvaros (1975); Semi-finalists: Dozsa (1962). UEFA (Fairs) Cup: Winners: Ferencvaros (1965); Finalists: Ferencvaros (1968), Dozsa (1969); Semi-finalists: MTK (1962), Ferencvaros (1963, 1972). Mitropa Cup wins: 6 Vasas; 2 Ferencvaros, Ujpest, MTK, Tatabanya; 1 Honved.

INTERNATIONAL TEAM:

World Cup:
Runners-up twice 1938, 1954

Olympic Games:
Winners 1952, 1964, 1968
Runners-up 1972
Third place 1960

European Championship:
Third place 1964

UEFA Youth Tournament:
Winners 1953, 1960
Third place 1959, 1975

Biggest victories —
13-1 v France (1927)
12-0 v Russia (1912)
12-0 v Albania (1960)
11-1 v Greece (1938)

A total of 691 players were capped in the 495 games played up to the end of 1975. Top-caps: 100 Bozsik; 86 Grosics; 84 Puskas; 80 Matrai; 77 Sipos; 76 Fenyvesi; 75 Albert, Bene, Sandor; 71 Tichy. A team made up of top-capped players, Grosics — Matrai, Sipos, Biro (63) — Bozsik, Lazar (49) — Sandor, Hidegkuti (68) or Kocsis (68), Albert or Bene, Puskas, Fenyvesi. Top goalscorers: 83 goals Puskas; 75 S. Kocsis; 58 Schlosser; 49 Tichy; 42 Dr. Sarosi; 39 Hidegkuti; 36 Bene; 32 Zsengeller; 31 Albert. Wow, I did enjoy compiling this, but I have always been a sucker for nostalgia . . .

INTERNATIONAL MICROSCOPE

by ERIC BATTY

RAPID RISE FOR DUTCH FOOTBALL

HOLLAND'S INTERNATIONAL standing could hardly be higher than it is now but making their prestigioso position all the more remarkable is the fact that they have come from the shadows of amateurism to the near peak of world football in less than 20 years.

When I first visited Holland I was impressed by the Feyenoord stadium built in the thirties with its bust of Herbert Chapman in the marble entrance hall, and the club were clearly proud of their superb looking pitch which as I stood watching it was being tended by four men. The football, however, was another matter and if Feyenoord were not at all bad, the other clubs were pretty pathetic.

I remember also watching the training at Geleen where Fortuna were one of the prime movers towards professionalism. Cor Van der Hart, a former Dutch international stopper, was their boss at the time (now manager of Standard Liege in Belgium) and after training he and the club chairman, who led the revolt against the amateurs at the KNVB, assured me they would get nowhere without being full pro.

No one could have agreed more than I. Speaking to players of several clubs I was impressed by their enthusiasm for the game but also noted that everyone (without exception) stressed that: "Of course, football was only a game — work comes first."

Looking over their record and knowing that the majority of their international matches were played by real amateurs they have done very well indeed, particularly against their neighbours West Germany and Belgium, who were handing out money to players — one way or the other — long before the Dutch started.

To see how much the Dutch have improved one only has to consider their matches against England. Before the last war England only played Holland in amateur internationals, apart from a visit to Amsterdam in 1935 and as late as 1952 the England amateurs drew 2-2 with Holland at Hull.

When it came to meeting England's professional side the Dutch were outclassed by 8 to 2 at Huddersfield in 1946 and didn't meet England again until 1964 when they drew 1-1 in Amsterdam. I remember that match in Huddersfield when one of the Dutchmen played in spectacles and Tom Lawton scored four goals. Flanked by Raich Carter and Wilf Mannion, Carter scored two and Mannion one, the Dutch had no answer to the England attack which also had Tom Finney on the right wing.

It's a far cry from those glorious times to the present day for the last time Holland met England they earned a 0-0 draw at Wembley in 1970 in a match that Cruyff, Keizer and Co., could have won had they not been so cautious. Right now, with Holland probably the most popular team of the 1974 World Cup they are clearly one of the most attractive teams in the world — and with Cruyff and Neeskens playing and at their best, who would place a big bet on England beating them?

	P	W	D	L	Goals F	Goals A
Albania	2	2	0	0	4.	0
Argentina	2	2	0	0	8.	1
Austria	8	1	3	4	9.	11
Belgium	105	46	23	36	245.	197
Brazil	3	2	0	1	4.	5
Bulgaria	5	2	1	2	11.	9
Chile	1	0	1	0	2.	2
Czechoslovakia	7	3	0	4	13.	13
Denmark	22	9	5	8	42.	36
Dutch Antilles	3	2	1	0	18.	1
Egypt (U.A.R.)	1	0	0	1	1.	2
England	5	0	2	3	3.	11
Finland	7	4	1	2	28.	14
France	11	7	0	4	40.	24
Germany, East	6	3	1	2	10.	8
Germany, West	21	6	7	8	40.	48
Greece	1	1	0	0	5.	0
Hungary	7	1	2	4	12.	20
Iceland	2	2	0	0	13.	1
Ireland, North	3	1	1	1	5.	2
Ireland, Republic	7	4	0	3	16.	14
Israel	2	2	0	0	2.	0
Italy	6	1	3	2	9.	9
Luxembourg	12	9	1	2	48.	13
Norway	13	5	4	4	35.	34
Mexico	2	0	0	2	2.	5
Peru	1	1	0	0	3.	0
Poland	6	2	2	2	7.	7
Romania	4	2	2	0	8.	0
Russia	1	1	0	0	3.	1
Saarland	2	2	0	0	5.	3
Scotland	5	2	1	2	7.	6
South Africa	1	1	0	0	2.	1
Spain	3	1	0	2	5.	10
Surinam	1	1	0	0	4.	3
Sweden	17	8	3	6	33.	37
Switzerland	27	12	2	13	58.	56
Turkey	2	0	1	1	1.	2
Uruguay	3	1	0	2	3.	4
Yugoslavia	4	0	1	3	2.	8
Total	341	149	68	124	764.	618

Even in the amateur past the Dutch produced the odd player who went off to play as professionals in France and West Germany while many more joined Belgian clubs where, rated as 'independents' they have been paid for years. Top man from the past is undoubtedly Faas Wilkes, a classy inside forward who played for several pro clubs including Valencia and was amongst the Rest of Europe team chosen to meet Great Britain at Hampden in the big game following the Second World War.

Another player I saw who was worth a mention in any company was Abe Lenstra, while Coen Moulijn, the very gifted Feyenoord left winger, bridged the period between amateur and professional football and would be welcomed anywhere in England's First Division today.

Finding players of real quality is something that goes in cycles. Brazil have still not found a new Didi or a new Pele and the Dutch have no one as gifted as Johan Cruyff was at 20. But during the last 15 years or so they've produced more than their share of good, even outstanding players from a total population of around only 14 million.

In a football sense, the Dutch have probably changed places with Austria whose 'Wunderteam' was the scourge of Europe in the mid-thirties and is about the same size. As the Dutch have risen in the game the Austrians have gone back to where the Dutch were 15 years ago.

Though there are now many very capable players in Holland the public has made it plain that they are not interested too much in friendly internationals, particularly when Cruyff and Neeskens are not playing.

They showed this when only 9,800 paid to see a 1-0 win over Switzerland not long ago in Rotterdam and that convinced the KNVB to play friendly games away and only put on competitive matches at home.

No doubt that will pass, particularly if some of the promising young players blossom but for the moment Holland depend too much on their emigre stars, both for results and in crowd-pulling power.

ERIC THORNTON'S SOCCER NOTEBOOK

Survival—name of the game!

THE AMAZING ups and downs of the English game were never better illustrated than they are today, as the quirks of fortune are lifting some clubs into the millionaire class while others are being dumped among the beggars, and left scratching for a living.

It's a mixed-up state of everybody fighting for everything they can get. And to Hell with the rest. The Greeks had a word for it, though I'm afraid it's escaped the memory at the moment. But the Queen's English quickly solves the problem — it's SURVIVAL.

That's an overworked noun, these days, though it's correctly applicable to sport, just as to industry, and particularly football, which is continuing to stumble along under the growing weight of overdrafts which are almost strangling the life out of it.

Let's admit there are two distinct sides to this picture. Crowds have thinned in some parts of the country, but are filling the stands and terraces of other grounds, boosting the League's weekly figure for its 46 games to nearly three-quarters of a million. Which, being interpreted, means that more than £300,000 is being poured into soccer every seven days.

Such clubs as Manchester United, Newcastle, Spurs, Liverpool, Aston Villa, Leeds, Sunderland, Arsenal, Derby, Manchester City, West Ham, Everton, Wolves, Ipswich, Queen's Park Rangers, Birmingham and Chelsea reckon it's a poor fixture that doesn't yield receipts of around £10,000, and in addition, they are being regularly involved in two-way transfer deals totting up to almost half a million quid or beyond each winter.

Attendances

Yet, as we take the rosy view while noting average attendances of nearly 60,000 at Old Trafford, 50,000 at Anfield and Elland Road, and beyond 30,000 at Roker, Goodison, White Hart Lane, Molineux, St. James's, Maine Road, Stamford Bridge, and the Baseball ground, let's not forget the strugglers.

It could be said with some truth that this list might include such former First Division clubs as Fulham, Blackpool, Nottingham Forest, Charlton, Blackburn and Portsmouth. Because all are finding the going extra tough to win back lost places without the right kind of support.

We should also consider, of course, those other unfortunates Third Division Cardiff City and Sheffield Wednesday, and Fourth Division Huddersfield Town, who were cup winners and league champions between the wars. It seems an eternity since those three were among the greats.

However, I'm thinking particularly now of the never-say-die outposts of the game — Workington, Hartlepools, Newport, Southport, Crewe, Darlington, Scunthorpe, and so on. Towns where they think someone's having a party if 3,000 suddenly turn up, and where the fans recognise there is only an outside chance of winning a prize.

Those supporters are the salt of the earth. Yet their admission payments are always insufficient to pay the bills. And so it is that, generally, after each match day, officials sit back, scratch their heads, and wonder once more how to bridge the gap.

Often, immediate demands are met by selling a promising kid to one of the wealthy outfits, though this idea sometimes backfires with angry fans shouting the odds, refusing to read the danger signals, and staying away just when their cash is needed.

And so the balancing act goes on. It is difficult to see how it can be otherwise when, for example, one club's seasonal takings hardly gross a half bar more than the cash another club takes at just one single game!

Difference

Take Matt Busby's club, which is now being organised so well by our old friend Tommy Docherty. They scoop up almost £40,000 on average every time the boys turn out down Stretford way. And don't forget United also pick up a handsome cut off the £10,000 usually spent by the crowds on refreshments.

That's the cash difference. There's also another. When it comes to youngsters, the wealthy ones cream off the brightest. Says Docherty: "We've got the best of the school leavers, and can afford to pick and choose." Workington, and their poor fellow travellers can't do that. They have to sort out between them what's left.

Alan Ashman, ex-West Bromwich chief, now in charge of the West coast club, goes out into neighbouring towns and villages to bring them in. Like all the other hard-up brethren. But it's very difficult. Because they've not got much to promise them. And a soccer career doesn't appear very attractive to any ambitious youngster after playing at grounds that are almost as silent as the grave!

Diary

THE BATTLES in Uruguay between rivals Penarol and Nacional are legendary. Penarol have invariably held the better record in League matches though Nacional frequently get the upper hand of their neighbours in cup games.

But between them they have won all the titles for some 40 years and virtually nobody else gets a look in.

Yet Penarol's cup luck has perhaps turned as a result of the recent clinching of the six team championship which is really the third competition organised during the season and determines which two Uruguyan clubs represent them in the South American Cup.

Penarol beat Nacional 5-1 with Julio Gimenez getting three of their goals and Fernando Morena who finished third in the South American Footballer of the Year award one of the others.

DESPITE A disappointing halfway stage in the season for the reigning champions, Olympiakos are still the most popular team in Greece judging by the attendances so far.

Olympiakos are attracting an average of 25,400 for their home games and Panathinaikos their nearest rivals in the crowd stakes can only look to an average of 18,730. League leaders AEK Athens are drawing 14,963.

Altogether the first 118 matches produced an aggregate of 1,164,445 for an average of 9,870 per game which is slightly down on the corresponding period last season.

MOORE IS NEW TRANMERE STAR

ONCE MORE, and in a corner of England that's not troubled about devolution, though it's next door to ambitious factions, a club that is rarely among the honours is beginning to count the blessings of an up-and-down season.

The story goes like this. At the start of this campaign, everything had seemed set fair for a new courtship of fans who had lost faith with the departure of another favourite. But it didn't quite turn out that way.

Plans were upset because early season rave notices about Steve Coppell's performances with Manchester United reminded everyone of all the other youngsters who have been allowed to move elsewhere from that same club in exchange for much-needed cash.

But then the picture brightened. For yet another teenager of tremendous potential entered the home scene, and has now got them talking once more, and the scouts moving over to Tranmere Rovers for assessment of the new finisher.

Blossom

The name this time is Ronnie Moore, but while there is terrific pleasure watching the boy hit the goals that matter there is also the underlying worry that he may finally blossom out in some other club's colours.

Because that is precisely what has happened in other years. It's a fact that during succeeding decades the crowds at the famous Prenton Park ground have been privileged to watch the teething stages of legions of players then read of their development with other teams into some of the greatest.

It's easy to reel off those who have gone to the top after leaving the Birkenhead outfit. Among the centre-forwards who were first taught the arts and graces of the game at that headquarters were such aristocratic marksmen as Dixie Dean, Pongo Waring and Bunny Bell.

Dixie, an old friend whose life story I wrote while we travelled Europe, graduated from a part-timer who worked in civvy street all day, and trained all night. Or almost.

First to spot the possibilities of the 16-year-old, the Cheshire folk happily saw him reaching up to maturity, then won for themselves a fine bonus with a transfer across the Mersey to Everton.

Group

At Goodison, where they always know a good 'un when they see one, he quickly became the idol in a group of internationals such as Ted Sagar, Willie Cook, Warney Cresswell, Cliff Britton, Joe Mercer, Albert Geldard and Tommy Johnson.

Equally skilled with feet and head, Dean collected 379 League goals, and to this day still holds the English seasonal record of 60 in 39 games set up in the 1927-29 campaign.

Afterwards, there were more great scoring personalities. First the long-striding Waring, one of the happiest footballers one could meet in a month of Sundays, and who was never more pleased than on returning to Birkenhead after having stepped into the England team during a wonderful sojourn with Aston Villa.

Aggregate

Nobody on the Wirral, at any rate, will ever forget Bunny. If only because of a Boxing Day game with Oldham Athletic, in 1935, when he had the colossal cheek to claim no less than NINE of his team's tally of 13 which, together with the four scored by Oldham, remains the League's aggregate record of 17.

Now, let's take a close look at the new boy. A six-footer, proportionately built, he possesses the tremendous advantage of knowing what defenders are thinking about because of having been one himself.

> 'Such a successful conversion that within no time at all there were bids from the wealthy clubs'

How come? This way. He first went there as a 15-year-old, scoring freely in the Chelsea League, but was then handed a 9-to-5 job. I mean to say he was moved from the No 9 spot to centre-half to strengthen a defence that was leaking a bit.

It was such a successful conversion that within no time at all there were bids from the wealthy clubs. But then the team's goals dried up. So Ronnie was switched back to the leadership, and immediately made everybody sit up and take notice all over again.

Settled

The ones and twos quickly became commonplace as he settled into the League team, and then folk began thinking back to the time when Jeff Astle picked up three hat-tricks in eight days for West Bromwich, because their new pride and joy almost went berserk.

In a mere eight weeks, earlier this season, he hit four against Brentford, four against Stockport, and, if you please, another four against Newport, boosting a personal tally to 20 around the turn of the year, and topping the country's marksmen while racing towards the thirty mark.

It's small wonder that the enthusiastic fans now greet him this way — "Hello, Mister Moore, how many more today, Mister Moore?"

ERIC BATTY asks

ARE COM

PERHAPS THE most encouraging sign for English football recently has been the re-appearance of wingers. Several clubs have played with one winger for some time with 4-3-3 the most common line up, but until recently wingers were limited to the right flank.

One can understand this for good left wingers have never been easy to find and with clubs more concerned about defence in recent years, the scouts were probably told not to bother looking for wingers by many teams.

But with Denis Tueart, first with Sunderland and then Manchester City, probably the first of the new generation of left wingers, the idea has gradually taken root. Tueart, of course, is naturally a right sided player but like Gadocha of Poland he was happy enough playing on the left. Now with Manchester City the appearance of Peter Barnes has made it possible for them to play with two wingers, to the credit of their manager Tony Book.

West Ham's Keith Robson was one of the first left footed left wingers to stand out in the First Division even though he hasn't shown the flair this season that characterised his game when he first arrived from Newcastle. But since then others have joined him and with luck the new move towards wingers will continue.

Manchester City's pair were the first to take my eye this season but whether they took note of what was happening across the city or whether it was part of a conscious bid to move back towards attacking football, Manchester United now have what I consider to be the best pair of wingers. Steve Coppell made a very good impression early on this season with his ability to go by full backs and his sheer pace and enthusiasm. Then United brought Gordon Hill from Millwall and they are now playing with five and often six attack orientated players and making it pay.

Of course all six don't stand on the half way line when the opposition attack United's goal, but the success the club has been having bears out the view I have long held — that if you have five good forward players who know when to drop back and work and when to go forward, you could afford to play with them all.

Even now the idea is still not widely accepted and even if Manchester take a major honour this season or next, there will still be many managers too cautious to follow their example and move back towards attack.

One can understand clubs that are in relegation danger being defensive and for example Sheffield United have played this season with a full blown *libero* in the Italian style . . . though it will not save them.

The new trend should certainly be encouraged and the fact that both the Manchester clubs have been pulling in good crowds is, I think, indicative that they are trying to provide what the public wants.

More initiative

Clubs in trouble will always look towards their defence first but well beyond the relegation area there are still teams that have a negative approach. In particular I have been depressed by the over cautious attitude of Middlesbrough. To be fair it was acceptable when they first came up because no one relishes the thought of going straight back down into Division II. But they are now fairly well established and it is time Jack Charlton showed a little more initiative. When I've seen them away from home their tactics look like a 4-5-1 formation, only coming out in strength for the set pieces like corners and free kicks close to the enemy goal . . . an overall ploy that still takes up too much training time in far too many English clubs.

Newcastle United are almost as bad except that from a very tight formation they do push players forward in open play. Playing to a 4-4-2 system without legitimate wingers, Newcastle have had good runs in both domestic cups this season and if, for example, Newcastle win one of the trophies while Manchester United win another the game will still be divided.

The difference may not seem to be very great between a side who pulls back from the wings, players with attacking flair and allows them to break out wide and attack on the flanks compared to a side that plays with two natural wingers who drop back to work on occasion. But the difference in real terms is great and the discerning fan can see it too.

Breaking from midfield it's an awful long way to the enemy bye-line while for a winger, positioned well upfield and wide, one good piece of individual skill can put them within reach of the goal line with only one covering player to beat. Real wingers can expect to hit the far goal line quite often and pull the ball back — a move that turns defenders round and gives the striking players the chance to get on the blind side of defenders and make good runs across the goalmouth.

Without wingers, the breaking players even though supported by full backs who are encouraged to attack, all tend to get their crosses in earlier and of necessity, when played in from deeper positions their crosses come from a different angle that is easier to cope with defensively.

Those who see Newcastle play often may disagree with my assessment but without comparing individual players I prefer to see two real wingers.

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WINGERS ING BACK?

Quite apart from whether wingers bring success or not in domestic competition it is a vital question for England. Though none of the present choice of legitimate wingers may be up to international standard, if all the top 22 clubs went looking for two wingers the choice would widen and with time it is a near certainty that some would crop up who had the necessary level of skill and intelligence to play well at international level.

Whether we like it or not — and I think most people welcome it — the top international teams of the recent past all have two wingers. The three top places in the last World Cup went to sides that each had two wingers — West Germany, Holland and Poland — and some of the leading continental clubs now have both right and left wingers, including Real Madrid and Borussia Mönchengladbach who are in my view, probably the best club sides about at the moment.

Significantly, too, Oleg Blokhin, Russia's European Footballer of the Year for 1975 is also a winger and the favourites for the 1976 European championship, Yugoslavia, Holland and West Germany, also have two wingers each. In some cases, like Ruud Geels now playing on the right for Holland and Jupp Heynkes who has hit many vital goals for West Germany, they are converted centre forwards and this is a field that few English clubs have yet explored — trying to convert centre forwards into striking wingers.

This I believe is because the continentals have decided that as a priority wingers must come back whereas we have seen that many English clubs have still not come round to this view. Nor will they as long as they are successful within the ambitions they set themselves without them.

Defensive duties

The return of wingers is obviously a cause for pleasure for it indicates that at last people are beginning to think about attack again. The humiliation of Italy in the World Cup, and their continued failure in international football, even at club level, underlines this trend.

Apart from the re-appearance of a handful of wingers and the early season form of QPR, which has not been maintained, I have seen little overall in the English game this season that has remained in the memory by Monday morning. Too many players with defensive duties scuttling back whenever their side loses the ball doesn't help the cause of attractive, attacking football and unfortuntely I can still see no end to the ceaseless chopping, tripping and obstruction of players when promising attacking situations do develop. At the first signs of flair or initiative from an opponent it seems that the order goes out from the bench to snuff it out.

The official ban on tackling from behind petered out as I feared it would and has long since been forgotten and the standard of refereeing in England remains miserably low.

This is not to say that the continent is swarming with good officials; I wish it were for even referees who have impressed me, chicken out in the big games when the crunch comes.

My general dis-satisfaction is no figment of my imagination for one of my standard topics of conversation is: "Seen any good games lately?" closely followed by... "seen a good referee this season". The answer to both questions is invarinbly "no."

But if the present crop of English officials are not very good I fear that worse is to come. This year and next, some 20 of the present league list reach the dreaded age of 47 and will be forced to retire. That, of course, will mean promoting a good many linesmen who having served under too many whistlers who fail to set a proper example seem unlikely to me to improve matters.

One of the points that I resist most strongly is the suggestion that the new totting up system of penalty points is working. For one thing it is not until mid-season at the earliest that it begins to be felt and by that time the standards have been set.

Again, and I think that maybe this is vital, many referees have now abdicated their real responsibility and handed over their rights to the accountants. To far too many officials it seems to me, the attitude seems to be I'll hand out the cautions and let the system take care of the bad boys.

The most alarming feature of it all is to see referees chicken out after handing out a caution. Giving a card (as long as it's not a red one) now seems acceptable but a caution should still mean, very forcibly... "one more foul and off you go." Unhappily it doesn't work like that and repeatedly I've seen the depressing sight of a player having been cautioned, chopping an opponent down again only moments later.

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Anderson happy with Anderlecht

by Peter Bills

THE FUTURE of Luton Town football club hung precariously in the balance as Christmas approached at the end of 1975. And after a long saga of financial problems and dwindling attendances, the whole survival of the club came down to one man — the club's midfield player, Peter Anderson.

Officials from the Belgian First division side Royal Antwerp began negotiations for the transfer of Anderson from Luton. To the English second division side, it meant either success or failure . . . with the club's whole future at stake.

Luton had declared debts totalling £750,000 and the £70,000 Antwerp agreed to pay Luton was the only thing which would save the Midlands club from a shutdown. So the future of the club fell neatly at the feet of 27-year-old Anderson, a young man rather more used to kicking a football around than a ball of financial dynamite.

Anderson and his pretty girlfriend Colette O'Donnell, flew to Antwerp to see the set-up. But Anderson says clearly and categorically now: "If I hadn't have liked what I saw, I would never have signed for Antwerp. I never had it in my mind that I might be going there to save Luton Football Club from closing down — that had nothing to do with my decision. There was no way I was going to give myself a four-year prison sentence — which is what it would have been if I hadn't have liked it — just to save Luton. After all, they got themselves into that mess, not me. So my decision was never related to saving Luton."

A month after the £70,000 deal had gone through, Luton announced they could probably survive — and the bank would guarantee their survival for the immediate future. And, happily, two months after the deal, Anderson and FC Royal Antwerp were settling down well together.

Anderson cheerfully admits that the four-year contract he signed, was sufficient to tempt him across the Channel. He won't divulge exact amounts but the deal involved an attractive wage system, plus perks which will be most useful to Anderson.

But he reiterates: "Although I was only interested in whether I was going to enjoy it over here and whether it would be a good move for me, I found it incredible the pressure that was put on me. That the directors of a football club, through the English newspapers, could put that much pressure on one player was amazing. It wasn't my fault they were in that sort of mess and it seemed unreal to put the club's future at one player's door.

"I'm glad the upheaval is over but I'm also glad I made the move. I had been at Luton five years and I wasn't happy — I wanted a change, a new environment. It seems strange now that I went to a Continental club because several English clubs were supposed to be after me last year and that came to nothing. I had the chance to join Aston Villa but I rejected them because, at the time, they were a second division club and I was in division one. Of course, that seems silly now.

Socially

"It was a big step for me to make. But I don't look at it as some people clearly do. People seem to think I'm out on a limb: stuck far away from England without any friends or anything. But I've done more socially in my first two months in Antwerp, than I'd done in the last year at Luton which was terribly quiet. Antwerp is a good club as they showed by beating Villa in the UEFA Cup this season. They finished as runners-up in the Belgian Cup and League last season so I feel I'm at a club which has a lot going for it."

The mid-season transfer — which is not allowed by the Belgian FA — means that Anderson can play only reserve matches until next season. But he says: "I'm not particularly worried. It does give me six months to try and learn the language and if I can do that, it will help a lot when I play.

"The language is obviously the main problem because as far as accommodation is concerned, I've settled well into the flat the club provided. Everybody has been really friendly and as far as I can see, there are no real problems."

Anderson believes Belgium football may take a while to adapt to, compared with the English game. "It may take a little while but I hope the manager will see the way I like to play and perhaps they will try and integrate that into their play, taking some of my good points and adding their good points. Belgian football is certainly more defensive and they have set ideas — like no one ever expects a goalkeeper to be challenged when he goes for a high ball. Also, as soon as they lose the ball, they all funnel back and you find yourself having to get past rows of players who are suddenly defenders. But I expect to adapt.

"I played in a Cup match against FC Bruges which Antwerp lost 4-2. I was allowed to play in that one and it was good experience for me.

"Training-wise, you are more involved and train a lot more than in England. I'm in four full days a week and the other day, you leave at lunch-time. The great difference, I feel, is that there is much more emphasis on skill with the ball. The first thing you are given when you join an English club is a pair of training shoes. The first thing I was given when I went to Antwerp, was my own football for training. That sums up the difference — they use the ball all day long whereas in England, you seem to spend half your life just running and never touching a football in training."

Anderson believes the expected flow of European footballers into Britain and the journey of English players in the opposite direction, will soon come. And he says: "I think if a player from the Belgian League walked into the English first division, he would cause a sensation. English football has become too stereotyped and a Belgian player relying on skill and ability with the ball more than just hard work, could be a revelation.

"I think, too, more and more English players will go abroad. The Belgian people have a really high regard for English players: their attitude mentally for the game as much as their playing ability. I think they will be looking to bring other English players out here — I'm sure of that."

KEIR RADNEDGE on ITALY

Import embargo remains

THE BAN on foreigners stays. That was the outcome of the league's referendum of their 36 first and second division clubs and effectively ends all talk of Juventus signing Johan Cruyff.

The annual ban wasn't due to be reviewed until April, but speculation had been building up so noisily that it was decided to take the poll ahead of time. Eleven of the 16 *Serie A* clubs and 15 of the 20 *Serie B* sides voted No to the reimportation of *I stranieri*.

And, as league president Franco Carraro pointed out: "Of the five *Serie A* clubs who favoured signing foreigners, three were economically high potential clubs."

Carraro didn't name them, but they were Juventus, AC Milan and Internazionale. One of the major arguments against is not, for once, the future of the national team, but the economic climate. Most clubs knew they wouldn't be able to afford foreigners, but would have to find the money from some never-never land to keep up with the big-city Joneses.

Altogether some 316 foreigners played in Italy between 1946 and 1964, when the barriers finally came down. The only ones left are veteran Brazilians Nene (Cagliari), Sergio Clerici (Bologna), Angelo Sormani (Lanerossi Vicenza) and Jose Altafini (Juventus).

Secret bid

Juventus' bid to open talks with Cruyff was doomed from the start. President Giampiero Boniperti, club secretary Pietro Giuliano and a friend of Cruyff's journalist Sandro Ciotti, aimed to fly to Barcelona in top secret. Unfortunately, when they arrived at the airport they found they were sharing the plane with an Italian basketball team, complete with following journalists!

On arrival in Spain, their "secret" now out, Boniperti and Giuliano didn't see Cruyff personally, but stayed in the shadows while Ciotti did the talking. The Dutch superstar merely promised to "think about" a Juventus offer and in the event that's as far as it got.

Not that Juve need Cruyff to help maintain their stranglehold on the Italian league. At the halfway stage, after 15 games, they had dropped a mere four points out of a possible 30 — a record for the 16-team *Serie A* and a fine performance by anyone's standards. Carletto Parola could even afford the luxury of dropping first Fabio Capello, then Pietro Anastasi, then Claudio Gentile, such is the all-round strength of his squad.

Only Torino have managed to stay within reach after a spell in which crowd troubles have raised more hackles than the football itself.

At the centre of a series of deplorable incidents was Florentine referee, Giulio Ciacci. His troubles started in the Milan-Torino game when a young fan armed with a megaphone spent the afternoon loudly insulting him. Ciacci promptly sued and a series of legal letters were still flying back and forth when he went to Genoa to referee the Sampdoria-Inter game.

Shortly before the end Ciacci, having already awarded Inter a late penalty which Roberto Boninsegna converted, disallowed Marco Rossinelli who would have been Samp's equaliser at 2-2 because of offside. A fan scaled the netting and made for the referee, who declared the match abandoned with 40 seconds to go and raced for the dressing rooms. Hundreds of angry fans then knocked down gates and milled over the pitch, setting the goal nets on fire.

Sampdoria were even further in trouble when it turned out that Ciacci had a bloodied face and needed a loose tooth out.

Ciacci claimed that the fan had struck him, but Samp later claimed in defence that he had been butted in the face, by mistake, in the confusion, by one of the Samp players protecting him!

The outcome was that Samp were banned from their own ground for three games and their trainer, Eugenio Bersellini, was banned from the touchline for a month for inciting the crowd by joining the players' protests at the disallowed goal. Nor was that all.

In the Stadio Olimpico in Rome that same Sunday, Juventus beat Roma with a goal by Roberto Bettega and the home team's pitiful attempts to recover prompted a hail of fruit and other odd objects a few minutes from time. The police, probably too hastily, fired tear gas into the crowd while referee Luigi Agnolin took the players off the pitch.

The tear gas fumes, however, shortly infiltrated the dressing rooms, forcing the players to run the gauntlet of returning to the pitch to escape to fresh air.

A week or two later there was still more trouble.

This time at Perugia, during their 2-2 draw with Napoli. A bottle thrown from the crowd after an hour struck Napoli veteran Toto Juliano in the stomach. He went down like a log, but recovered after treatment and finished the game, indeed, as Napoli's best player. Nice gesture. It would have been all too easy to play up the incident.

Romeo Benetti of AC Milan and Italy.

Napoli's championship dreams have been fading rapidly however, and morale was not helped by a silly row between trainer Luis Vinicio and president Corrado Ferlaino. *Il presidente* protested to the league about approaches made by rival clubs to Vinicio; the Brazilian was upset by the inference that he was talking to other clubs behind Ferlaino's back.

"I'm not that sort of man, and the president should know it," said Vinicio, who is, nevertheless, top of several wanted lists.

The storm blew over as quickly as it had blown up, with apologies all round and Napoli were able to get back to the game itself.

No such luck, however, for Gigi Riva. With Cagliari bound for relegation, their last hope of a miracle disappeared when the 31-year-old striker tore a thigh muscle in a 3-1 defeat by Milan. Riva, top league scorer in 1967, 1969 and 1970, will be out for the rest of the season.

He's suffered serious injury before — breaking a leg against Portugal in 1967 and against Austria in 1970 — and come back, but what incentive is there for him now? Few clubs will be prepared to risk a big fee on a man who may never give even a glimpse of his greatness again.

That latest blow has put an end to speculation that Riva might be recalled to the national team. But someone of his calibre is certainly needed — that was only too obvious after the apathetic performance in France where the *Azzurri* lost 1-0 to Nice, the goal coming from Yugoslav exile Josip Katalinski.

Wrexham v Anderlecht...David and Goliath—Peter Bills reports

Welsh club treated with respect

IT'S THE classic Cup competition encounter; the proverbial footballing clash of David and Goliath. But if you expect another domestic Cup competition game involving the favourites and some minor side who had a bit of luck, think again.

For this is the Quarter Finals of Europe's second-biggest Cup — the Cup Winners' Cup. And the draw for one of the matches in the last eight, makes fairy-tale reading — Anderlecht of Belgium against Wrexham of Wales.

No wonder Anderlecht's first reaction upon hearing they had drawn the Welsh Cup giantkillers, was to question: "Where is Wrexham and how do we get there?" That summed it all up perfectly for Wrexham are probably the surprise package of not only this season's Cup Winners' Cup but of all the European club competitions.

Anderlecht of the big past, tradition and stream of cups and trophies against little Wrexham, rich in ambition and determination but with a trophy room about as big as the Anderlecht club's boot cupboard. But nevertheless, Anderlecht are probably the club who will be doing the worrying about their clashes against Wrexham on March 3 in Belgium and in the vital return, in North Wales, a fortnight later.

Pattern

Arie Haan, Anderlecht's Dutch World Cup star who cost them £150,000 from Ajax of Amsterdam, admits the Belgians know hardly anything about Wrexham. "We know they must be pretty useful to get into this late stage of the Cup Winners' Cup," he says. "But we know nothing about their play or their pattern and unfortunately, we are not likely to know much even by the time we play them.

"Our coach and trainer will have watched Wrexham by the time we meet. But the player's won't have seen them and that's something of a disadvantage. When I was at Ajax in those three successful European Cup campaigns, we used to try and get a film of our opponents as often as possible. But that's not likely to happen this time."

Haan believes the match will be "typically English" in method and pattern. "I think most English sides attack whenever they can and although they're Welsh, I'm sure Wrexham will follow this general pattern. Certainly, we expect them to come forward whenever they can both in Belgium and in Wales. I think English teams generally play as attacking a game as possible — certainly, most of them attack more than Continental teams. Our strongest point is attack so we shall obviously do the same.

"Most of the Anderlecht club is pleased with the draw. But we shall not underestimate them even though we are pleased we drew them and not a side like Eintracht Frankfurt. We saw recently in the English Cup competition, how Crystal Palace beat Leeds United — and hardly anyone in Belgium could understand that result. But I think results like that do happen sometimes — and that is a warning to us when we play Wrexham.

"I am different to everyone else at the club who wanted the second leg at home. They say we will not know what to expect in Wales and if the game is still undecided after the first leg, it will be very difficult for us. Also, if there is extra-time to be played we shall have to play it in Wales. But I take a different attitude. I'd prefer to start a two-legged tie with a 2-0 win than perhaps a 0-2 defeat. Even if you're at home in the second leg, you have still got to catch up that 0-2 and that can be difficult. Ajax always used to like to play the first leg away so that they knew what they had to do at home in the second leg. But I honestly don't believe it will be a major problem."

Method

Anderlecht's rise from a poor start in the Belgian League to a place in the top three, has been the main talking point in Belgium this season. Haan says: "We started badly for several reasons but I think the main thing was we had several new players and a new coach. So we had to settle down and find a successful pattern or method for all these new players to fit into.

"That certainly took us a bit of time and our start was disappointing. But we found the right method as our form of the last three months has shown. Now, we are only two points from the top of the table as we go into the final three months of the season and we can win the title if we play well.

"At the start of the season, I was happy with my own form even though the side was struggling. But then I had a poor spell in November and December and didn't play well. I feel now, though, I'm almost back to my best form and I expect to be at my peak by the time the Wrexham matches come up.

"Rob Rensenbrink? He was out of form a month or so back. But before that, he was playing as well as I could ever remember him doing. He really was in absolutely top form and had a lot to do with our rise up the table. In recent weeks, he has been regaining his early season form and like me, he will probably be back at his best around the time the Cup Winners' Cup starts again.

Important

"I think it is easier for European footballers to plan their own form for important matches than it is for British teams and players. The British play so often it is harder for them."

Despite the obvious disadvantages of facing the rank outsiders of the last eight, Haan is confident it is Anderlecht who will reach the last four. "On paper we should be stronger but, of course, we will not be taking anything easy," he says. "I do not think they can be as strong as a side like Eintracht or the first division team from England, West Ham. So the draw could have been much worse for us.

"We would like to get through and take our chance with who we draw in the semi-finals. Who will get through? I believe it will be Celtic, West Ham, Eintracht — and Anderlecht."

SPANISH NOTEBOOK
by Keir Radnedge

OLYMPIC GAMES FIASCO AFTER REAL MADRID COMPLAINTS

THE SPANISH FA have contributed another superb element of farce to that theatre of the absurd known as the Olympic Games soccer tournament.

Some while back it was decided to tackle this moribund anachronism with a fully professional B international team to help Ladislao Kubala in his European Championship and World Cup preparations.

All well and good — until the recent qualifying match with Turkey in Seville which Spain won 2-0. Kubala chose five Real Madrid men — goalkeeper Miguel Angel, defenders Jose Camacho and Francisco Uria, midfielder Vicente del Bosque and centre forward Carlos Santillana — and upset Madrid treasurer Antonio Calderon.

"How do they expect our men to do their best for Spain with the club in the Champions' Cup and help in the European Championship," he complained, "if we are always being picked on for every minor international that comes round?"

FA president Pablo Porta, a Catalan, replied — without naming Madrid — that "some clubs" ought to be ashamed of their selfish attitude. Madrid responded by threatening to boycott the FA Council in protest and the Turks added fuel to the fire by threatening a protest to FIFA and the IOC.

Arie Haan of Anderlecht and Holland. See opposite page for story.

You've never seen such a rush to backpedal!

First Porta roundly denied that he ever made any criticism whatsoever of Madrid or any other club, and then the FA announced that "to help the clubs" the Olympic team would, in future, be made up of young juniors (maybe even one or two amateurs), with no club providing more than one player!

The howl which followed this comedy must have been heard in Montreal. Spain, having virtually qualified for the finals, were proposing to send a team likely to be beaten out of sight.

All of which Kubala accepted stoically, beyond acidly pointing out: "During my last year in Hungary as an 'amateur' I earned more in 12 months than my parents had earned in 45 years."

Aggravated

Madrid meanwhile, back in the league, struggled level with Atletico at the top of the table after beating Betis 5-0, and think they should have Paul Breitner fully fit for the Champions' Cup quarter final with Borussia Moenchengladbach. Breitner has been struggling with a leg injury suffered in a friendly 3-3 draw with Borussia in October, and attempts to rush him back only aggravated the trouble.

Barcelona are Spain's other European representatives — in the UEFA Cup — and they have problems aplenty still. Didi, the great Brazilian now coaching Fluminense, is being tipped to replace Hennes Weisweiler in the summer, and the chances of the West German going home were increased when his row with Johan Cruyff became public property.

Weisweiler wants Cruyff to play in midfield; Cruff wants to play further forward. There's no problem in home matches, when Cruyff has the freedom to go where he will, but in away matches he's virtually disappeared from sight.

It seems Cruyff will get his way. But then, his contract expires in April and CFB hope to persuade him to put off his return to Ajax for at least one more year.

One man who has gone, though, is 28-year-old Brazilian World Cup defender Mario Marinho. He's returned home to join new champions Internacional of Porto Alegre for about £75,000 — about half the fee CFB paid Santos 18 months ago.

Tournaments

Also on his way back to South America is Uruguayan goalkeeper Ladislao Mazurkiewicz, who joined Granada at about the time Marinho arrived in Barcelona. Mazurkiewicz played no more than half a dozen first team games, and when he did make the team it was only to be ruled out by injury. Miguel Munoz took over as manager at the start of the season and could establish no rapport with the man who won 60 international caps. Mazurkiewicz, who played in the three World Cup Finals tournaments and is now 31, rejoins his orignal club, Penarol.

Granada will also be losing their best defender, Angel Castellanos, pretty soon. He's going to join Valencia for £225,000 — a domestic record — and, presuming he recovers in time from the mysterious leg injury which has suddenly struck him down,, will make his debut for the *Ches* in the Cup at the end of the season. Munoz was hopping mad at the transfer — and the way it was negotiated doesn't augur well for his future. The Granada board rushed the deal through without even bothering to tell the former Madrid boss.

Slovan ahead — yet again!

AT THE half way winterbreak in Czechoslovakia Slovan Bratislava were once more in the lead — which, if maintained, would give them their third consecutive championship. But this season they have been more than ever unsuccessful away from home and their hold on top place is by goal average only with VSS Kosice and Slavia all on the 18 point mark from 15 games. Fourth placed Dukla Praha have been most successful away with three wins from their eight away games for a goals tally of 13 to 13.

Slovan, away from home, have won only once and drawn twice in seven outings, scoring five and conceding nine goals. VSS Kosice are the only team with a 100 per cent home record and the first game at the re-start is a table topping clash, VSS Kosice v Slovan that could perhaps decide the championship.

With the top three on 18 points, four more clubs share fourth place just two points behind the leaders. This quartet has therefore averaged just one point more than one point per game and it could be that the league will be won with the lowest ever total number of points since they increased the First Division to 16 clubs.

Certainly, if anyone could win all their home games and average a point away as Slovan have done in the last two season they would take the title. Two years ago they won all the way; last season it was decided only on the final day, and this time it seems possible that Slovan could have the championship taken from them.

VSS Kosice owe their high position to the goalscoring talents of centre forward Dusan Gallis whose goal eliminated England from the European championship. In League games he has been responsible for exactly half of VSS's total getting 18 himself in the first 15 games.

His closest challenger for the scorers title is Dukla spearhead Zdenek Nehoda who got the other goal against England, who has 10 so far. When VSS visited Dukla's new and largely re-built Juliska stadium in Prague, honours were even between this pair, each of them scoring twice in a 3-2 win for Dukla. Next in the honours list come two midfield men, Antonin Panenka of Bohemians who despite being at best only half fit this season, has scored nine goals and Premysl Bicovsky has found the net eight times for Teplice.

Against this Slovan can only put up a string of players who score sometimes rather than regularly. Jan Capkovic, Jan Svehlik and new wing half Pavol Bojkovsky have all scored five each but VSS's secondary striking power Frantisek Hoholka backs up the efforts of Gallis to add another seven on his own account. The relatively low scoring of individuals and the good home records compared to away form have been a feature of Czech football for some time.

It is nothing new, of course, for home teams to have a decided edge; it exists to some degree in every country but in the Czech First Division it divides all. Even Jednota Trencin threatened by relegation in 14th place have a fine home record: won 6, drawn 1, lost 0 and a goals tally of 10 to 3. But away from home their best performance to date is a solitary draw and disastrous goals figures of four goals for in eight matches and 34 against which is almost an avalanche.

Away from home everyone in Czech football is concerned most of all with defence to the point where it has become almost an obsession. Add to that the fact that even home teams are not always willing to play open attacking football though they are slightly more venturesome at home and you have the makings of many tight games.

Neighbours

In the last two years the Slovan side has gone forward and found the net regularly and though the trend began last season, they have found goals increasingly difficult to come by away from home. Even at home, Marian Masny's 4th goals of the season had to be enough to beat Brno 1-0 before a pitiful crowd of only 1,458. At that same 14th round two other gates failed to reach 2,000 while Lokomotive Kosice pulled in only 537 for the visit of Trencin. Hardly worth opening the gates for?

Nor was this the lowest gate for poor Lokomotive had earlier attracted a mere 275 for their home match with Teplice. Yet though neighbours VSS have always been more popular, Lokomotive, back in the top class again this season have been playing an attractive brand of football, breaking out very nicely even away from home, led by their inside forwards Moder (who played for the national team several times this season) and Fecko.

In the first of this season's big local derbies, Inter beat neighbours Slovan Bratislava 2-0 with Ladislav Petras the key figure even though he didn't score while in Prague, the two most successful clubs, Slavia and Dukla, met at Juliska where Slavia won 3-2 before only 2,546.

All Czech attendance figures exclude season ticket holders so are to some extent misleading. Only those actually paying at the turnstiles are counted but even so regularly televising games each weekend, live and in full, does not help any club.

For the second half of the season it has been decided that week-end matches will be played on Sunday evenings, hoping to catch many people who are out of town for week-ends but can be expected home on Sundays and may be tempted back a little earlier to see a game in the evening.

Slovan's one home defeat was inflicted somewhat surprisingly by Ostrava who won 3-1 at Tehelny Pole on a day when international goalkeeper Alexander Vencel had a stinker — Slovan's first away win came the week-end after the 2-1 win over England on Bratislava's ground in what is really a local derby against Spartak Trnava.

Watched by a good crowd that included 14,000 cash customers, Slovan won 2-0 with goals from Marian Masny (a penalty) and another laid on by Masny for Bojkovsky. Their last outing, screened on TV, was away to Slavia and pulled in only 3,563, Slavia's lowest gate for some time. Slavia fans are amongst the few who regularly prefer the live game to TV but on this occasion very bad weather kept the gate down.

Slovan hung on to a goal-less draw until a quarter of an hour from the end when Frantisek Vesely, their veteran international winger, now playing better than ever, laid on a winner for left winger Peter Herda.

Despite many poor attendances in the first division, relegated Sparta continue to pull in good crowds to watch second division football. While the average Division II game is watched by a few hundred, occasionally reaching 1,000 but rarely more, Sparta attracted 9,000 for their last home game against Kladno.

At the moment, unknown VP Frydek-Mistek top the Division II table with 22 points from their 15 games followed by Dukla Banska Bystrica (the club that discovered Ladislav Petras) on 21 and Spadta third with only 18. In fourth place are another Prague club with a glorious past long since forgotten, Viktoria Zizkov on 16 points.

In the annual poll for the "Footballer of the Year" award Dukla's 50 times capped veteran goalkeeper Ivo Viktor took the award for the third time in four years having previously gained it in 1972 and 1973. In fact, since the award was first initiated in 1965 it has never gone to a forward player which probably underlines the problems of Czech football.

LEAGUE TABLES

ARGENTINA: National Championship
(final round — final standings)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
River Plate	7	5	2	0	13	8	12
Estudiantes La P	7	5	1	1	8	2	11
San Lorenzo	7	3	3	1	18	11	9
Gimnasia (Jujuy)	7	2	2	3	10	13	6
Talleres (Cord)	7	1	3	3	9	11	5
Rosario Central	7	1	3	3	8	9	5
Atletico Tucuman	7	1	3	3	7	13	5
Temperley	7	1	1	5	9	15	3

URUGUAY: Major League
(final round — final standings)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nacional	18	11	5	2	33	16	27
Liverpool	18	11	3	4	30	20	25
Peñarol	18	9	4	5	30	22	22
Danubio	18	8	6	4	24	15	22
River Plate	18	7	7	4	36	30	21
Defensor	18	4	8	6	26	26	16
Huracan Buceo	18	7	2	9	23	28	16
Fenix	18	5	4	9	23	32	14

(Teams carried on with qualifying round records)

COLOMBIA: Major League
(final round)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Independ Santa F	10	7	2	1	17	10	16
Millionar Bogotá	10	5	3	2	15	11	13
Dep. Cali	10	5	3	2	14	5	13
Bucamaranga	10	2	3	5	9	16	7
Jun Bucamaranga	10	2	2	6	8	14	6
Medellin	10	2	1	7	10	16	5

PERU: National Championship
(8 matches to go)

1) Alfonso Ugarte 26 matches/37 pts, 2) Alianza Lima 26/36, 3) Universitario 26/33, 4) Carlos Manucci, Atletico Chalaco 26/29, 6) Deportivo Junin 26/28, 7) Melgar 25/27, Colegio Nacional Iquitos 26/27, Juan Aurich 26/27, 10) Defensor Lima, Sporting Cristal 26/26, 12) Deportivo Municipal 26/24, 13) Union Huaral 26/23, 14) Sport Boys 26/21, 15) Union Tuman 26/20, 16) Leon de Huanuco 26/19, 17) Cienciano 25/18, 18) Atletico Grau 26/16.

BOLIVIA: National Championship
(final round)

1) Guabira 7 pts, 2) Bolivar, The Strongest, Oriente Petrolero 4, 5) Independiente Unificada 3, 6) 31 de Octubre 2.

ECUADOR: National Championship
(final round)

1) Liga Deportiva Universitaria, Cuenca 5 pts, 3) Universidad Catolica 4, 4) Aucas, Barcelona 3.

CLASSIFIED RESULTS

MAJOR CLUB INTERNATIONALS: Cartagines (Costa Rica) 0, Gimnasia y Esgrima La Plata (Argentina) 3 (Dec 27); Saprissa (Costa Rica champ) 1, Gimnasia y Esgrima La Plata (Argentina) 1 (Dec 28); Dep. Aguila (El Salvador) 1, Gimnasia y Esgrima La Plata (Argentina) 1 (Jan 8); Municipal (Guatemala) 1, Gimnasia y Esgrima La Plata (Argentina) 0 (Jan 11).

OTHER INTERNATIONALS: Mexico select, 2, Independiente (Argentina) 0 (Jan 7); Jalisco select (Mexico) 3, Independiente (Argentina) 1 (Jan 9).

CHILE: First Division
(final standings)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Union Española	34	20	10	4	76	34	50
Concepcion	34	20	8	6	56	30	48
Huachipato	34	18	6	10	57	40	42
Green Cross	34	15	12	7	51	38	42
Colo Colo	34	16	7	11	56	44	39
Palestino	34	13	13	8	66	50	39
Lota Schwager	34	14	9	11	44	46	37
Santiago Morning	34	13	7	14	59	66	33
Antofagasta	34	9	13	12	64	62	31
Wanderers	34	9	12	14	33	43	30
La Serena	34	11	8	15	50	41	30
Everton	34	8	13	13	57	59	29
Univers de Chile	34	10	9	15	50	56	29
Naval	34	9	11	14	31	46	29
Rangers	34	9	9	16	51	65	27
Magallanes	34	9	8	17	44	64	26
Aviacion	34	8	10	16	40	63	26
O'Higgins	34	8	9	17	46	60	25

(Relegated: O'Higgins and either Magallanes or Aviacion who have to play off)

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Benfica	21	15	4	2	61	15	34
Boavista Porto	21	14	6	1	50	16	34
Sporting	21	12	5	4	38	14	29
Porto	21	11	5	5	55	22	27
Belenenses	21	11	5	5	31	23	27
Vit. Guimaraes	21	9	8	4	37	18	26
Estoril Praia	21	9	5	7	23	30	23
Vit. Setubal	21	5	8	8	25	26	18
Atletico	21	7	4	10	19	35	18
Leixoes	21	7	4	10	25	44	18
Braga	21	5	7	9	21	30	17
CUF Barreiro	21	4	7	10	9	32	15
Academico	21	4	5	12	19	37	13
Farense	21	5	3	13	24	46	13
Beira-Mar	21	3	6	12	14	34	12
Tomar	21	4	4	13	23	52	12

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ajax Amsterdam	19	13	4	2	45	19	30
Feyenoord	20	13	4	3	45	25	30
PSV Eindhoven	20	13	3	4	56	21	29
Twente Enschede	19	12	4	3	34	13	28
NEC Nijmegen	20	8	10	2	28	21	26
Den Haag	20	8	5	7	36	26	21
Roda JC	19	7	6	6	24	22	20
AZ'67 Alkmaar	20	7	6	7	26	25	20
Sparta Rotterdam	20	5	10	5	22	25	20
Telstar Velsen	20	5	9	6	31	28	19
De Graafschap	20	5	7	8	32	44	17
EVV Eindhoven	20	5	6	9	25	38	16
MVV Maastricht	20	6	4	10	24	39	16
Amsterdam	20	6	4	19	24	39	15
Excelsior	20	5	3	12	12	31	13
NAC Breda	20	3	7	10	14	35	13
GAE Deventer	19	2	8	9	23	36	12
Utrecht	20	3	5	12	22	44	11

TURKEY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Fenerbahce	16	8	7	1	24	9	23
Trabzonspor	16	9	4	3	20	11	22
Altay Izmir	16	6	7	3	19	14	19
Adanaspor	16	7	5	4	19	17	19
Boluspor	16	6	6	4	22	15	18
Galatasaray	16	5	8	3	17	11	18
Bursaspor	16	7	4	5	19	16	18
Giresunspor	16	4	8	4	16	15	16
Orduspor	16	4	7	5	9	14	15
Adana Demirspor	16	5	4	7	12	16	14
Balikesurspor	16	5	4	7	7	15	14
Göztepe Izmir	16	4	5	7	17	18	13
Eskisehirspor	16	3	7	6	16	20	13
Besiktas	16	4	5	7	16	21	13
Zonguldakspor	16	2	7	7	9	14	11
Ankaragücü	16	4	2	10	16	32	10

● Continued overleaf

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LEAGUE TABLES

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FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts	Bonus Pts
St Etienne	24	12	9	3	38	22	2	35
Nice	24	11	8	5	48	30	4	34
Nantes	24	8	11	5	48	33	5	32
Sochaux	24	12	5	7	38	37	3	32
Reims	24	11	5	8	47	32	4	31
Metz	24	11	4	9	49	39	4	30
Nancy	24	8	8	8	40	37	4	28
Lille	24	9	7	8	41	40	3	28
Marseille	24	14	0	10	40	39	0	28
Nimes	24	10	6	8	32	30	1	27
Bordeaux	24	9	8	7	41	40	1	27
Valenciennes	24	8	7	9	30	28	3	26
Bastia	24	7	9	8	34	35	3	26
St Germain	24	9	6	9	44	42	1	25
Lyon	24	9	5	10	37	40	2	25
Lens	24	7	8	9	41	48	2	24
Strasbourg	24	6	7	11	28	34	2	21
Troyes	24	4	10	10	31	38	2	20
Monaco	24	6	6	12	34	50	2	20
Avignon	24	3	3	18	22	63	0	9

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Atletico Madrid	22	14	4	4	42	21	32
Real Madrid	21	12	6	3	38	15	30
Barcelona	22	12	4	6	44	28	28
Espanol Barcelona	22	12	2	8	32	33	26
Hercules Alicante	22	9	7	6	27	26	25
Athletic Bilbao	22	8	8	6	29	25	24
Real Betis Sevilla	22	10	4	8	22	29	24
Sevilla	22	9	5	8	25	26	23
Racing Santander	22	10	3	9	29	32	23
Salamanca	22	7	8	7	20	22	22
Granada	22	6	9	7	21	30	21
Real Sociedad	22	6	8	8	25	28	20
Valencia	22	7	4	11	28	31	18
Real Zaragoza	22	6	5	11	26	31	17
Elche	21	4	8	9	24	28	16
Las Palmas	21	6	3	12	23	33	15
Sporting Gijon	22	4	7	11	25	32	15
Oviedo	21	5	3	13	20	30	13

GREECE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AEK Athens	16	10	6	0	29	7	26
PAOK Saloniki	15	9	5	1	26	7	23
Panathinaikos	16	9	3	4	32	19	21
Ethnikos	16	7	6	3	25	12	20
Iannina	16	8	4	4	19	13	20
Olympiakos	16	7	6	3	21	17	20
Aris Saloniki	16	6	6	4	23	15	18
Iraklis	16	6	5	5	15	16	17
Panachaiki	16	4	6	6	15	19	14
Atromitos Athen*	16	4	8	4	14	17	13
Pierikos	16	2	8	6	12	16	12
Kastoria	16	2	8	6	13	26	12
Apollon Athens	16	2	6	8	11	22	10
Panaitolikos	15	2	5	8	11	25	9
Panionios	16	2	5	9	7	24	9
Panseraikos	16	1	5	10	10	28	7

* Three points deducted

ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Juventus	17	13	3	1	30	13	29
Torino	17	10	5	2	27	13	25
Milan	17	9	4	4	23	10	22
Inter	17	8	5	4	23	17	21
Napoli	17	8	5	4	24	18	21
Cesena	16	5	9	2	21	16	19
Fiorentina	17	7	4	6	20	16	18
Bologna	17	4	10	3	16	16	18
Roma	16	4	7	5	15	14	15
Perugia	17	5	7	5	16	17	17
Ascoli	17	2	10	5	8	18	14
Lazio	17	3	6	8	18	25	12
Sampdoria	17	3	6	8	8	17	12
Verona	17	5	2	10	20	30	12
Como	17	1	6	10	12	22	8
Cagliari	17	1	5	11	10	29	7

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Liverpool	28	14	11	3	46	23	39
Manchester U.	28	16	7	5	45	26	39
Queen's Pk Rang	29	13	10	6	40	24	36
Derby	28	15	6	7	46	38	36
Leeds	27	15	5	7	45	28	35
West Ham	28	13	6	9	38	39	32
Manchester City	28	11	9	8	43	28	31
Ipswich	28	9	12	7	33	29	30
Newcastle	28	11	7	10	53	40	29
Middlesbrough	28	10	9	9	30	27	29
Stoke	28	11	7	10	34	34	29
Everton	28	9	11	8	44	50	29
Leicester	28	8	13	7	32	38	29
Norwich	28	10	7	11	43	42	27
Tottenham	28	7	13	8	39	44	27
Coventry	28	8	10	10	29	38	26
Aston Villa	28	8	9	11	33	39	25
Arsenal	28	8	7	13	32	36	23
Birmingham	28	8	4	16	39	55	20
Wolverhampton	28	6	7	15	30	44	19
Burnley	28	5	7	16	28	45	17
Sheffield Utd	28	1	7	20	18	55	9

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Slavia	16	9	2	5	29	17	20
Slovan Bratislava	15	8	2	5	29	14	18
VSS Kosice	15	9	0	6	36	24	18
Inter Bratislava	16	8	2	6	19	12	18
Dukla	16	7	3	6	30	23	17
Spartak Trnava	16	7	3	6	21	16	17
Zbrojovka Brno	16	5	6	5	21	17	16
Union Teplice	16	7	2	7	26	29	16
Banik Ostrava	16	6	4	6	21	24	16
Skoda Plzen	16	7	2	7	22	30	16
Jednota Trencin	16	7	2	7	15	37	16
Bohemians	16	5	5	6	22	19	15
Lok. Kosice	16	7	1	8	25	32	15
ZVL Zilina	16	6	2	8	20	29	14
LIAZ Jablonec	16	4	4	8	15	19	12
TZ Trinec	16	4	2	10	10	19	10

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Celtic	24	15	4	5	51	30	34
Rangers	24	14	5	5	41	21	33
Motherwell	24	12	7	5	45	31	31
Hibernian	23	12	6	5	43	25	30
Aberdeen	24	9	7	8	38	35	25
Hearts	24	7	8	9	27	36	22
Dundee	24	7	7	10	38	48	21
Ayr United	23	8	4	11	30	39	20
Dundee United	22	4	6	12	26	38	14
St Johnstone	24	2	2	20	24	60	6

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Mönchengladbach	20	11	8	1	41	16	30
Hamburger SV	20	10	5	5	33	16	25
E Braunschweig	20	8	7	5	30	24	23
Schalke 04	20	7	8	5	43	30	22
Cologne	20	7	8	5	32	29	22
Kaiserslautern	20	8	6	6	36	36	22
Bayern Munich	20	8	5	7	36	30	21
E Frankfurt	20	7	6	7	42	29	20
Hertha BSC	20	9	2	9	39	32	20
MSV Duisburg	20	7	6	7	37	39	20
Rot-Weiss Essen	20	7	6	7	38	42	20
Fort Düsseldorf	20	7	5	8	25	30	19
Karlsruher SC	20	6	5	9	25	30	17
Werder Bremen	20	7	3	10	30	38	17
VfL Bochum	20	6	5	9	26	35	17
Hannover 96	20	5	6	9	29	38	16
Bayer Uerdingen	20	4	7	9	18	39	15
Kickers Offenbach	20	5	4	11	22	49	14

EAST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Dresden	15	10	3	2	40	15	23
Magdeburg	15	8	5	2	35	17	21
Chemie Halle	15	8	5	2	28	17	21
Berlin FC Dynamo	15	9	2	4	37	16	20
Lok. Leipzig	15	9	2	4	21	14	20
Carl Zeiss Jena	15	7	4	4	27	18	18
Rot-Weiss Erfurt	15	5	4	6	31	25	14
Stahl Riesa	15	5	4	6	21	25	14
Wismut Aue	15	4	5	6	22	32	13
Sachsenring	15	3	6	6	13	24	12
Karl-Marx-Stadt	15	4	3	8	16	28	11
Vorwärts Frankfurt	15	4	2	9	22	37	10
Chemie Leipzig	15	3	2	10	15	36	8
Energie Cottbus	15	1	3	11	16	40	5

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
FC Bruges	24	14	6	4	49	23	34
Anderlecht	23	13	5	5	47	27	31
RWD Molenbeek	23	12	6	5	39	22	30
SV Waregem	24	10	9	5	42	24	29
Lierse SK	24	12	4	8	45	30	28
Beveren-Waas	24	9	10	5	26	13	28
Lokeren	23	12	3	8	41	26	27
Antwerp	23	10	7	6	27	28	27
Standard	24	10	7	7	34	30	27
Beerschot	23	9	7	7	40	39	25
Liege	22	8	7	7	38	37	23
CS Bruges	24	6	10	8	32	38	22
AS Ostende	23	5	9	9	28	35	19
FC Mechelen	24	5	8	11	27	39	18
La Louvière	24	4	10	10	24	41	18
Beringen	24	5	7	12	17	38	17
SC Charleroi	23	5	6	12	29	43	16
Berchem Sport	22	2	9	11	15	37	13
Racing Mechelen	23	4	4	15	11	41	12

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